THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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Queen Quality, Ladies' Lace & Button Shoe, $3.00

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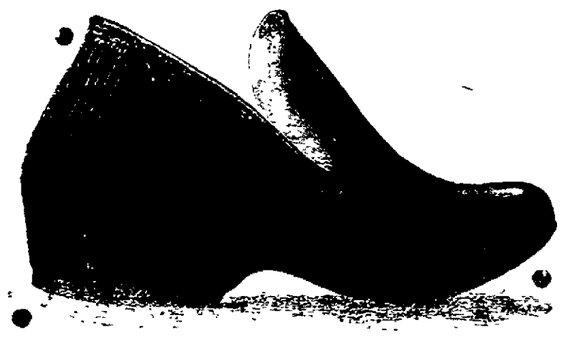

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200 PAIRS of Heavy Woolen Pants for Men, the product of one of the best mills in the country, at $2.00 a pair. Biggest value ever offered in first-class goods.

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THIS SPACE BELONGS TO
-LAWRENCE-
Portsmouth's Swell Tailor

FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

How Things At The Islands Are Seen By Trask.

Another Interesting Letter From Our Regular Correspondent.

Some Facts That Have Never Before Been Written Up.

NAVAL STATION,
CAVITE, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,
Nov 19th, 1899.

Editor of the Herald:— The Fiesta of Porta Vega closed today, and according to all reports it was a grand success. Each year the natives enjoy their fiesta with enthusiasm, and pay especial honor to their patron saint of Cavite, Dona Soledad. In 1896, during the time of the fiesta, a terrible tragedy was enacted which darkened many a Cavite home and which is remembered by all. While the festival was at its height, the Filipino prisoners escaped. (Many of whom were incarcerated for political reasons in the prisons adjoining Fort San Felipe.) This fortress is a part of the navy yard, and is walled off by itself, and from this there runs along the shore for quite a distance, a high wall This high, thick mouldy wall makes the outside of these prison pens. They had in their escape the aid of native guards, and in their struggles for freedom, several of the Spanish soldiers on guard were killed. As soon as they were free some ran away and hid, but a number of others gathered up such arms as they could find and fought with the Spanish troops that were sent to recapture them. It was a bloody battle while it lasted, but the Filipinos were soon overpowered and executed. Previous to the outbreak of the prisoners a number of rich and influential Filipinos had made themselves obnoxious to certain friars because of their plain speaking and because they had petitioned for the replacing of the friars by secular priests. Justly or unjustly, thirteen of the most prominent natives of Cavite were accused of being implicated in the plot to liberate the prisoners and after a series of drum head court martials, in which the friars were the chief witnesses against "the martyrs of Cavite," as they are called by the natives, they were found guilty and condemned to die.

THEY WERE MARTRYS.

Among the victims of Spanish hatred were the son of a Chinese millionaire. Another, the brightest member of an old, wealthy family here, and the owner of a big drug store, The photographer and leading physician, a jeweler, two head clerks in the navy yard, the purchasing agent of the commissary department, and two alcaldes of the prison. With the exception of the friars, the public sentiment of Cavite was strong in favor of these men. They believed they were entirely innocent of the crime laid at their door. A mighty effort was made to save them, but the opposition of the friars could not be overcome. A captain in the Spanish navy, who was alleged to be a Free Mason, went to the governor general in behalf of the condemned men, and demanded in the name of justice that the men be given a fair trial and a chance to defend themselves. This appeal was refused, and on the morning of December 14, 1896, the thirteen men were placed against the wall of old Fort San Felipe and shot.

FEAR OF ST SOLEDAD.

Admiral Dewey's shots that dropped into Cavite on that May morning of 1898 did some damage to the other churches, but the church of Porte Vega was not touched. A few days later Aggie's followers pillaged every church here, and every article of value carried off, but again the fear of Saint Soledad kept every loafer away from the church of Porta Vega. The Filipino priest who was last in charge of this church turned insurrecto at the outbreak of the rebellion and forsaking his flock has been following the fortunes of Aguinaldo ever since, and now is one of his trusted high officials. The present priest is a Spaniard, a very strict Catholic, but he has many friends outside his own flock. They like and respect him for his kindness and work among the poor. The church is situated near the wall that divides Cavite from San Roque, right near the first causeway, and the Catholics have many interesting legends to tell why this spot was chosen for the location of their edifice.

COMPRESSED FOOD.

A new feature in army life has been tried this past week. It was the first trial of what is known as the emergency rations which consist of a square tin box containing three tablets of compressed food, each tablet good for one meal when dissolved or boiled in a pint of water. There is also a small box of pepper, one of salt and a package of compressed sweetened tea which, when boiled, will make two quarts. They are light and handy for one or two days' trip and do not compel the men to carry a haversack as when they have to take roast beef and hardtack. The new rations are nourishing and gave satisfaction and were tested by the 36th infantry. The crew of the ill-fated "Charleston" has returned here, and will be distributed among the different ships until ordered. The men lost their all in personal effects and clothing The death of Maj, John A. Logan, Jr, the past week reminds one that like Major Howard (who was also shot dead a few weeks ago) he was the son of a distinguished general of the war of the rebellion. They both were majors, and were shot in the head. Major Logan's body was in such a condition that embalming was impossible, and burial was in the national cemetery at Manila Logan had only been here three weeks and this was his first battle. Lieutenant Charlie Hill of Concord is still in the naval hospital here, but the doctor tells me he is slowly gaining, and he hopes he will be out before long. The recent order of President McKinley relative to sending gifts to friends at home was well received here, and many soldiers and government employes are taking advantage of it to send boxes of cigars. In the postoffice yesterday, one naval officer sent cigars that filled one mail pouch. We get the cent an ounce rate. The cigars leave here with their usual dampness, and it is hoped that they will not grow mouldy en route. There have been no mails from the states received here for a full month.

TRASK.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Judge Peaslee gives a bad blow to clubs which have been supplying liquor to their members, either on the check or credit plan. He said "guilty" under the New Hampshire law, and the fine was paid. That breaks up another theory.—Nashua Telegraph.

It is said that Mrs. Lawton has signified a purpose to remain a widow the rest of her days With all due respect to Mrs Lawton it may be said that thousands of others have made the same pledge and—broken it.—Nashua Press.

The Boston & Maine road are to make a beginning towards missionary work in the direction of clearing their cars in better time and with less inconvenience at stations. The passengers are requested to enter the cars by the rear door and leave by the front door, and the request seems entirely reasonable. Let the public have it in mind. The people will conserve their own good and convenience by heeding the admonition.—Salem Observer.

All this evidence of scarcity of water in the state may be urged as a justification of those in positions of responsibility who have treated the prohibitory law as a "dead letter." If water alone were relied upon as a thirst quencher, what a predicament the people would be in.—Manchester Union.

There were 695 corporations organized under the laws of the state of Maine last year. The amount of fees realized were $39,075. Quite a little sum, when it is considered that most of the money came from outside the state. —Dover Democrat.

Something must be amiss down in Massachusetts. A judge of the superior court has been appointed who did not graduate from Dartmouth college. —Concord Monitor.

Bishop Lawrence's reply to the superserviceable clergymen who took him to task for permitting a Unitarian clergyman to take a minor part in the services incident to the dedication of an Episcopal church at Cohasset, was a model of courteous though none the less emphatic rebuke. In this age of the world such illiberal spirit as was shown by the good bishop's critics is wholly out of place.—Haverhill Gazette.

After a careful consideration of the matter we are forced to the decision that the people who engaged in the end of the century controversy back in 1699 were much more versatile in their newspaper communications than the ones who are hammering away on the now threadbare subject at the present time.—Salem Observer.

NEWSY GLEANINGS FROM OUR SUBURBAN TOWNS.

KITTERY.

KITTERY, ME., Jan. 15.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist church will meet on thursday evening at the residence of W. M. C. Philbrick.

Mrs. William H. Wilson of Kittery Point, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Samuel H. Keen, for the past week, has returned to her home.

Regular meeting this evening of Riverside lodge, I. O. O. F., at Odd Fellow's hall.

Mrs. James Philbrick is confined to her home with illness.

Mrs. Elkins and Harry G. Elkins left this morning for a trip to Amesbury, Mass.

All present and former pupils and teachers of the high school who are not members of the alumni association can become members by handing their names with thirty-five cents each to the secretary, O. N. McIntire, before the annual reunion in February.

There was a very brilliant display of the aurora borealis on Saturday evening, which shone through the bank of clouds over the northern horizon.

About one hundred people went to Portsmouth last evening to attend the cantata in the North church and were highly pleased with the beautiful music.

The annual session of the Eliot, York and Kittery Sunday school union will be held at First Methodist church in North Kittery, next Wednesday afternoon and evening and a very interesting and appropriate program has been prepared for the session.

The following officers were installed for the ensuing year at the regular meeting of York Rebekah lodge, No. 3, I O. O. F., Saturday evening, by D. D. Grand Master Ida Earle, assisted by D. D. Grand Marshal Amanda McIntire of South Berwick:

N G, Hattie Wentworth;
V G, Marion Philbrick;
R S, Angelina Hayes;
F S, Abbie Philbrick;
Treas, Georgie Farewell;
Ward, Alice Casewell;
Con, Elizabeth Berry;
I G, Hattie Adams;
O G, Eliza Place;
R S N G, Mrs Geo O Wilson;
L S N G, Almenia McIntire;
R S V C, Annie Boulter;
L S V G, Sarah Grant;
Chaplain, Ruby Littlefield.

YORK.

YORK, Jan. 15.

John Patch and Charles Voudy returned last week from a visit with Frank Voudy in Deep River.

The regular meeting of the York Harbor whist club was held Thursday evening at the residence of Dr. Hawkes.

The Kittery Dramatic club, which will present Broken Links at the town hall Wednesday evening will probably play to a full house, as much interest is felt over the event.

The regular meeting of the Ladies' circle of the First Parish church will be held next Tuesday evening in the chapel.

The union meetings closed Saturday evening, after a profitable and interesting series.

Mr. E. W. Baker has recently purchased the wind mill owned by J. T. Davidson.

WATER FRONT NEWS.

The tug H. A. Mathes went to Gloucester on Sunday for the barge Newmarket, light.

The tug Gladiator, Smith, from Boston with barge Kohinoor, Philadelphia for Newburyport with coal, was reported in the lower harbor on Sunday. The barge was taken to Newburyport today.

The steamer Piscataqua will tow the schooner Susan B. Nash to Wells, tomorrow.

The tug Piscataqua went to Boon island on Saturday afternoon and brought in Assistant Keeper Charles Williams, wife and child, the latter being very ill with pneumonia. The family is now at Kittery Point and the child is being attended by Dr. E. E. Shapleigh.

There are a few cakes of ice floating in the river at present but they are not very thick or solid and are easily broken when struck by a steamer.

The steamer Charles F. Mayer, Muchow, Portland for Baltimore, light, and the schooner Nimrod, Haley, St. John for New York with laths, were reported in the lower harbor on Sunday.

Takes the burn out; heals the wound; cures the pain. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, the household remedy.

"PRINCESS CHIC."

Opera Comique at the Columbia Theatre and Promenade de Luxe.

Beginning this week, the engagement of Kirke LaShelle's new opera comique, "Princess Chic," at the Columbia Theatre and Promenade de Luxe, ought to make that palatial temple of amusement the supreme point of attractiveness in Boston. The book "Princess Chic" was written by Kirke LaShelle, the well known manager of the Frank Daniels opera company, "Arizona" and other productions of the very highest class, and the music was written by Julian Edwards, whose "Madeline; or The Magic Kiss," "The Jolly Musketeers," "Brian Boru," and other operas, have delighted Bostonians in former seasons.

The critics declare that Mr. Edwards has reached the very zenith of his excellence as a composer in the music of "Princess Chic." Full of light, catchy melodies, it is also replete with music of the highest order, quite equal to the most melodious sections of any grand opera.

The company producing this opera is unequaled by any organization within remembrance. It includes no less than four star comedians, with all of whom Bostonians are quite familiar: Richard Golden, Harry Brown, J. C. Miron and Will Mandeville. What may be termed the singing contingent of the company is made up of Minnie Methot, well-known in New York and Europe; dainty Louise Hepner, a most charming singing soubrette, and Mathilde Preville a young contralto, and well-known for her beauty of face and figure, and whose voice, it is said, is the nearest approach to that of Annie Louise Carey that has been heard since that great contralto diva retired. The production has the most lavish scenes, and the costumes are altogether unprecedented in beauty and costliness. A grand chorus of sixty voices includes about forty young ladies of unusual beauty, both in person and voice, and is said to be the most wonderful combination in that direction that has yet been attained.

The above are a few of the many claims that are set forth by the management of the Columbia theatre and Mr. LaShelle, and they are perfectly willing to challenge criticism based upon the foregoing statement. In brief, "Princess Chic" aims to combine all the elements of the best music which will appeal to the musically cultured classes; in the personnel of the company and the fun of the opera, it will appeal equally to that class of persons who have established themselves at the Columbia as regular patrons, as it is full of the light, jingling melanges of music and fun, which have become so popular at that superb playhouse.

PRACTICAL PROBLEMS.

Swine Breeding At the N. H. Agricultural College.

In connection with dairy farming at the New Hampshire college of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts at Durham, it is proposed to raise and fatten from two to three hundred hogs each year. The college has recently purchased from the famous herd of Berkshires at Hood Farm, Lowell, Mass., a richly bred young boar, his sire being Wantage King of H. F., a son of the great prize winning boar in King Alfred, and the famous sow, Wantage Poetess B., imported by Hood Farm. The dam of the young boar is Model Lady Lee I. of H. F., whose dam is a sister of the great prize winner, King Lee.

Prof. Charles W. Burkett, under whose direction this work is to be carried on, says: "It is our purpose to study the breeding, management, feed and care of swine. I have selected the Berkshire because of our New England agriculture. I think it meets our conditions best. We do not expect to limit our work, however, to one breed. We hope to compare the pure breeds with cross breeding and scrubs. We want to answer some of the practical problems connected with New England swine raising, and I believe we can successfully do it."—Manchester Union.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she could not live until morning" writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night. "All thought she must soon die from Pneumonia, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, saying it had more than once saved her life, and had cured her of Consumption. After three small doses she slept easily all night, and its further use completely cured her." This marvelous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases Only 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Globe Grocery Co.

HUNTING GIRAFFES.

No Danger Attends This Sport Except From the Animal's Heels.

A good giraffe skin is worth from $10 to $20 in South Africa and much more in Europe. On their hunting trips 10 or 15 years ago it was a common matter for one hunter to kill 40 or 50 of these graceful animals in one day. The reason for this is that the giraffe is the most innocent of animals and easily hunted. They are absolutely defenseless, and there is hardly a case on record where a wounded giraffe turned upon the hunter. It is true, they have great powers of speed, and they can dodge rapidly from tree to tree in the woods, but they offer such a fair mark that these tactics hardly ever save them.

Not until it is unusually frightened does the giraffe make its best speed, and then it is often too late, for the hunter is upon it. There is really no element of danger connected with this sport, and that makes it less exciting and attractive to a true sportsman. Under certain circumstances it is possible to be injured with the powerful legs of the giraffe, which are capable of kicking a blow that would kill a lion. The latter beast, for this reason, takes good care to attack the giraffe at unexpected moments.

It takes a good horse to run down a giraffe, and if the least advantage is permitted the wild creature the race is lost. Its peculiar gait is very ungraceful and deceptive, but it covers the ground with remarkable facility. In the open veldt the hunters have always the best of the race, but the giraffe, when surprised, makes instantly for the forest, where tough vines and intermingling branches make travel difficult for the hunter. The bushes and thorns tear and lacerate the skin of the horses, but the tough skin of the giraffe is barely scratched. The creature will tear a path through the toughest and thickest jungle and never suffer in the least.

This skin, or hide, of the animal is its chief article of value. No wonder that the bullets often fail to penetrate this skip, for it is from three-quarters to an inch thick and as tough as it is thick. This skin when cured and tanned makes excellent leather for certain purposes. The Boers make riding whips and sandals out of the skins they do not send to Europe. The bones of the giraffe have also a commercial value. The leg bones are solid instead of hollow, and in Europe they are in great demand for manufacturing buttons and other bone articles. The tendons of the giraffe are so strong that they will sustain an enormous dead weight, which gives to them pecuniary value.—Scientific American.

STRANGELY ILLUMINATED.

Weird Effect of Phosphorescence on a Ship In Bering Sea.

"I have often heard of the wonderful phosphorescence of southern seas," remarked a traveler from the north, "and I have seen some pretty fair samples of it in the Atlantic between New York and English ports, but I did not know until recently that it prevailed to any extent in northern waters.

"Last August I was on board a revenue cutter in the Bering sea, about 63 degrees north latitude, bound north, when one night about 10 o'clock I happened to go on deck, and I was almost frightened by the sight of the sea. The wind was blowing sharp enough to raise the whitecaps, and the whole sea looked as if it were lighted from its depths by a million arc lights, throwing their white rays upward and under the flying foam. The hollows of the waves were dark, but every crest that broke showered and sparkled as if it were filled with light. From the sides of the ship great rolls of broken white light fell away, and she left a broad pathway of silvery foam as far back as the eye could reach.

"But about this hour was the most striking display. Here it was as if the ship were plowing through the sea of white light, and as the water was thrown back from her prow it fell in glittering piles of light upon the dark surface beyond and was driven far down below, lighting the depths as if all the electricity of the ocean were shooting its sparkles through the waves and turning itself into innumerable incandescents that flashed a second and then shut out forever. I stood on the forecastle deck looking down into the brilliant white turmoil of the waters until I began to feel as if we were afloat upon some silver sea, and a really uncanny feeling took possession of me. The white ship was lighted by the phosphorescence of the waters, so that as high up as the deck there was a pale, weird white that made one feel as if the 'Flying Dutchman' were abroad upon the seas and had passed by us. The masts towered in ashy gray above the decks, and every rope and line stood out distinctly in the light, but cast no shadow. It was all as ghostly as if we had gone up against the real thing, and it was a positive relief to get back into the wardroom, where there was something more human. I don't know how long it lasted, but when I went to bed at 11 o'clock I could still see the silver shining through the air port in my stateroom."—Washington Star.

They Knew Faith.

A teacher, wishing to impress upon the the minds of her pupils the full nature of faith, took them one day to the riverside and, seeing a boat in the middle of the stream, said:

"Now, my little dears, if I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat, would you believe me?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," she said, "that is faith."

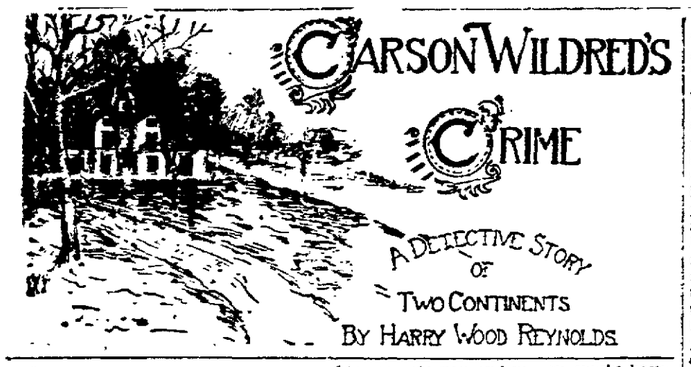
Some time after the same children were going through an examination when the question was asked, "What is faith?" and all the class, as with one voice, shouted out, "A leg of mutton in a boat!"

Strict Truth.

May—She says she can trace her ancestry on her mother's side back to the conquest of England.

Fay—That's correct. Her maternal grandmother was married in leap year to a man named England.—Catholic Standard and Times.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®



(CONCLUDED.)

I ran all round the house trying in vain to batter in a side door, and was met everywhere by silence and darkness. At the side, however, I came at last upon the extension, from the tower from which I had seen the suspicious smoke and flame pouring on that memorable Christmas afternoon. Over the roof of the low "studio," which possessed no windows, I could see a faint yellow glow, like a luminous halo or crown, and sudenly, as I stood regarding it in some bewilderment, I recollected the skylight which I had observed from within.

If I could in some way climb to the top, break through the glass and let myself down, the problem as to how I should get into the house would be effectually solved.

I dragged a rustic seat across the grass and set it in an angle between the tower and the low building of the studio. I gave it a certain slanting inclination, that it might not fall when burdened with my weight, and then I scrambled up, not venturing to pause for an instant at the top, for I could feel that the thing was slowly beginning to slide from under me.

With a leap I caught the ledge of stone that ran around the roof and setting my knee against the wall, helped myself up. It may read simple enough when written down in black and white, but it was rather a difficult task in the accomplishment, and I felt that I had reason to congratulate myself on my own success when it was done.

Framed in a margin of dark roof eight to ten feet in width was the skylight, through which penetrated a subdued radiance.

Cautiously, noiselessly, I crawled to the round bubble of glass and looked down. A curtain of embroidered Indian silk was drawn half across, but through the open space that was left I could see something of the interior.

As I looked a figure passed into my line of vision. It was Wildred walking restlessly up and down with his hands behind him. I could hear the murmur of his voice, though through the glass of the skylight the words were not distinguishable. Suddenly there came a sharp exclamation in a woman's voice, and my heart gave a responsive bound. Wildred was talking to Karine, and it was she who had answered him with a cry.

I had not expected, when I decided upon trying to enter like a burglar through the skylight, that Karine would be in the studio. It would, doubtless frighten her very much if I should suddenly make my appearance beside her amid a shower of broken glass, and I hesitated so to alarm her, unless the man down there was already commencing to use his power to torment her. If she would only go out and leave me to give Wildred a surprise I should have been thankful; but as I could not hope for her to do that, I determined to know what her companion was saying to her, which had caused her to exclaim in astonishment, or perhaps in fear.

I took out my pocket knife, and, with great care to avoid all noise I began to loosen one of the small panes from its leaden setting. As soon as it was released at one end I slipped the point of the knife underneath and so raised it that there might be no danger of its falling downward and startling those within the room.

I bent my ear over the tiny aperture. It made all the difference in the world. I could now hear every word that Wildred was saying.

"I have always, and with some reason, I think," was the first sentence that I caught, "considered myself a man of more than average mental ability. I am usually prepared for any traps which can possibly be sprung for me, but in this instance I find I have made my one mistake. I believed in a woman's devotion. Probably it serves me right to have been deceived. Since you have found it all out through her, I may as well admit to you that it is true. She was here. Nobody suspected her presence, or even her existence. She was very useful to me in many ways. If she had proved troublesome I could have rid myself of her at any time, and she knew it. Instead of doing what I ought to have done, I believed that she was willing to go away without betraying me, and I let her go free, with a present of a thousand pounds. She could even have asked for more when that was gone, and I would not have refused her. I was a fool ever to marry her, but she was the handsomest woman I had seen at that time, and, as you know, I was some years younger (some degrees more impulsive, than I am now. I was still more of a fool not to have put her out of the way, knowing what she did, but, as I remarked, that was the mistake of a lifetime. She has told you my secrets, she has shown you certain things in this house which have very naturally displeased and shocked you. She timed her return to this house very well, jealous idiot; but she will pay for what she has done."

"How will she pay?"

I could not see Karine, but I could hear her voice, vibrant with the fear and horror that she felt.

"Better not ask; the question doesn't concern you. She will simply become familiarized with the secrets of the House by the Lock, in a manner upon which she didn't count—that's all."

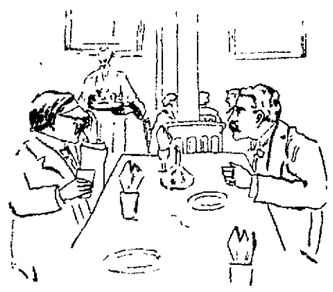
"I had never pictured Satan himself so cruel, so horrible as you," cried Karine. "I thank Heaven, now that I know, through this wretched woman, what you really are, that not I, but she, is your wife.

"Yet you must remain with me, as though you knew nothing, but what I would have had you know, for your own sake and your brother's."

"Had it not been for that foolish woman, who has ruined herself in trying to ruin you and me, we might have been happy together, Karine. I admire you more than any woman on earth, for you are certainly the most beautiful, and your coldness to a man of my temperament, has only added to your attractions as a girl. As a married woman it would have been different. I meant to make you love me; and even now, Karine, what has happened that need change anything between us? You are not a conventional little fool, as are some women I could name, and the love of a man like me must create some impression on your nature. The obstacle which you think stands between us shall be removed, the marriage ceremony can again be performed over us—secretly if you choose. No one will be the wiser, and as in any event you must stay here in my house"—

"I will not. Somehow God will help me to escape, and then, when I am free from you, I shall let such friends as I may have left deal with you as you deserve."

"It's difficult to see how you will get away. It's true I did not dream that Marion would be here to greet us, or I would not have brought you to this house. But now that you are in it you will stay. No one knows that we are here—no one in your world, at least—and I intend that we shall have a protracted honeymoon. You heard how some vagabond, some tramp, who wished to get in, failed just now? Well, it is just as difficult for strangers to escape from the House by the Lock as it is for them to effect an entrance. For instance, you and I are now cut off by means of a sliding iron door from the old portion of the house. From this, there is absolutely no way out, unless I allow it, save one,



"HELLO, FARNHAM, I SAID."

and that way two or three people have already found by going through a certain little door hidden behind the hangings. I'll show it to you if you like, or perhaps the lady who told you so much has told you that as well?"

"She has. She told me all about that poor Mr. Farnham, how you made him believe you a friend to be trusted, how you induced him to smoke opium—here in this very room—this awful room—till he was dazed and unconscious, and how he only roused from his stupor just as you were going to burn him alive in your horrible crematory. She told me how the furnace went wrong at the last moment, and you had to kill him in a different way from what you had planned—less easy for you, more dangerous of discovery. Oh, the horror of listening to those details, for she spared me nothing—nothing! I heard from her how Mr Stanton came in the midst of the dreadful happening on Christmas Day, how she saw him through the door, and afterward, when he had spoken to the police, how you bribed her with jewels and money to pretend that she was your cook, that she had screamed with the pain of burning her foot, and how she painted her ankle to look like a red scar when she had to show some proof of her story. She would have been true to you through everything, she said—poor, misguided woman!—if she had not been taken ill and stopped in London instead of going to France, as she had promised, and so seen in the papers about our coming marriage. What mockery to call it that; and yet I thank Heaven that it need only be a mockery—that it is not real.

"I wonder that the shock of finding that woman concealed in my room—waiting for me to come—did not drive me mad. But I am not mad, such wit as I have I warn you I shall devote to thwarting you, Carson Wildred. Do you think I would go on living under the same roof with you even if in reality I were your wife? No, you can kill me if you like; it is the only way in which you can keep me here."

AS HE STOOPED FORWARD TO PICK IT UP, I HAD HIM FAST.

He did not answer for an instant, then he said slowly:

"Do you remember just putting your name on a paper I asked you to sign for me with my stylographic pen in the train this afternoon? Well, you thought it was merely an order for letters to be sent on to your new address, but it was something rather more important than that. You put your name to a document which leaves all the money of which you die possessed unreservedly to me. I have already had it witnessed by my servant and another. You understand to what this points, perhaps? If you show yourself amenable to reason I shall consider you a wife to be proud of, and there is no ambition which we need cherish in vain if we are to live our lives together. But, on the other hand, unless you will go heart and soul with me, ignoring the past, you have to-day been told too much for my safety, or—your own. What if you should catch a serious cold here at the House by the Lock? Unfortunately the place is rather damp though so charming in many ways. You might have an attack of pneumonia. Only fancy how the world would sympathize with the husband of so beautiful a girl as yourself if he were bereaved of you during the honeymoon?"

"Oh, you are hotrible—horrible! It is like death even to listen to you!" cried Karine. "If only there was a soul on earth to help me—but there's none—none!"

His answer, if he made one, was drowned in the crushing of glass. Better that she should be startled, even to the point of swooning, rather than endure for another second the torture that that fiend was inflicting upon her.

I broke in the skylight with a heavy stick, which I had brought up to the roof between my teeth. Then, with my hands cut and bleeding, despite the protection of my gloves, I swung myself down and dropped on to the floor.

There was a cry from Karine, and a sharp exclamation of dismayed astonishment from Wildred, for once outwitted. I had never been a match for him in diplomacy, but when it came to a physical encounter I had every advantage over him and knew it.

He had no time to pull out the knife or revolver for which his hand flew to his pocket, for I was on him, taking him by the throat and shaking him as a terrier shakes a rat.

I had not stopped even to look at Karine and yet the vision of her pale face and hands clasped over her bosom had flashed lightening-like upon my consciousness. "Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" I could hear her sob. I hoped that she did not look—that she closed her eyes or covered them with her hands—but Wildred did not give me time to make these suggestions. He was more nimble, if he was less strong than I.

I could feel through all his writhings that he was trying to force me along with him toward a certain corner of the room and, realizing it, resolved to thwart him, whatever his object might be. I had come to the knowledge exactly one second too late, however. He had managed to place his foot on a bell concealed under one of the rugs on the floor, and I heard its summons go pealing shrilly out through the house.

LOOK AT THIS, HE SAID, POINTING OUT A PARAGRAPH.

He was slippery as a serpent in my grasp, and it was taking all I knew to manage him, when a cry from Karine gave me the first warning that I was attacked from behind.

The confidential man had stolen in as noiselessly as I had crept upon the roof and to the skylight.

"Take that, then!" I heard him snarl savagely, and a low exclamation from my darling told me that in some way he had revenged himself upon her. For an instant I lost my presence of mind and my hold upon Wildred.

Involuntarily I turned to go to Karine's rescue, and the movement was a fatal one. Wildred was up like a rod of steel that had been forcibly bent backwards. I felt a sharp, hot pain run fiercely through my side, and knew that I had been stabbed. My one thought was for the girl. If they worked their will upon me and killed me before her eyes what was to become of her?

"Run—Karine—escape!" I panted. I could not see her but I was assured that she had not obeyed by the loud screams for help which she was desperately uttering.

Again I got Wildred down, but the other man was on top of me, and for the second time I felt the burning pain this time in my shoulder. I fought like a mad creature now, with the intent to kill, which I had not had before; but the conviction grew within me that, battle as I might, the efforts would be all in vain.

Sparks advanced before my eyes, and then everything grew dim. Out of chaos came a shriek from Karine. Could it be a cry of joy? What reason was there for rejoicing?

But there followed a renewed crashing of glass, the muffled thud of feet descending from a height upon the soft surface of rugs and the sound of men's voices.

It seemed to me that Cunningham's was among them, but a strange cold pall of darkness enveloped me, and I knew no more.

* * * * *

Afterward I learned how it was that Cunningham, with two detectives from Scotland Yard had arrived in the very "nick of time."

His statement to the police authorities had been necessarily so elaborate and had been deemed so extraordinary that it had taken some time to create the desired impression at headquarters.

He had been still at "The Yard" when my wire had arrived. When at last he had induced the "powers that be" to grant a warrant for Wildred's arrest on suspicion of having murdered Harvey Farnham and to send a couple of men to the house by the lock, where my telegram had announced that he was probably to be found, it was too late to catch anything save the 10 o'clock train.

Having reached the door of the grim old mansion, Karine's cries for help ringing out upon the night through the broken skylight, had told them in which direction to proceed, and they had used the same method for surmounting the obstacles which I had adopted and left for them.

The servant was secured, but Wildred, seeing with his usual quickness that all hope of escape was over, had shot himself through the heart before the officers could reach him. So died

HE HAD NO TIME TO DRAW HIS KNIFE FOR I WAS ON HIM.

a man who had accomplished the death of many another, and through his humble accomplice (who now breaks stones at Portland), and the wretched wife, found poisoned in a room upstairs, the secrets of his numerous crimes, and the dark house by the lock, were revealed.

It was not for many a day after that night's terrible experience that I heard all the truth. What with the two wounds I had received and the strain of the past few weeks, which had begun to tell upon me at last, for a time I lay in rather a precarious condition. But one morning I awoke to consciousness and found that the beautiful face which had been near me in my dreams was present in reality. Karine and her brother had nursed me through more than a fortnight's illness.

Had I been quite myself I should have felt that then was not the time to speak of love to the girl who had endured so much. But the words were spoken before my judgment would let me restrain them, as it so often had done in the first sweet sad days of our acquaintance.

"Forgive me," I said weakly. "I'm a brute. You've been such an angel to me—and I oughtn't to have told you now."

"Oughtn't you," she answered softly. Do you remember me saying one evening at the Savoy Hotel that there was only one thing in the world which might even then keep me from making a marriage that was horrible to me?"

"I remember well," I returned. "I remember everything you ever said to me. Will you tell me what the one thing was?"

"I meant if you had loved me. Sometimes I—thought you did, but you would never say so. You only asked to be 'my friend.'"

"Oh, if I had but known—if I had but dared," I exclaimed. "I was perishing of love for you from the first night I ever saw your face. Is it too late now? I don't ask to be your friend. I ask to be everything—your lover and your husband."

"And I give you everything," she said. So it came about that the sunshine of happiness drove forth the Black shadows which would fain have lingered to haunt me like ghosts from the house by the lock.

THE END.

Given By Trees.

Trees yield many things besides timber. Turpentine, for example, is the raw sap of the pitch pine. "The turpentine merchant," says a writer on forestry, "in whose wake miles of dead trees, presenting a pitiable sight, are to be found." It is the turpentine orchards of the Mississippi that he describes. The forest suffers in life as well as in death in the service of men.

The George Land Theory.

Germany is submitting to a practical test in its newly acquired Chinese possessions the land theory advocated by the late Henry George. The Chinese residents have been expatriated, the use of the land is now sold to European settlers and business men, with reverses to the German authorities every three years. A similar experiment is being made by the German government in New Guinea. The outcome will be watched with great interest by students of economics the world over.

Honesty of Life.

The test of religious principle in the eyes of the world is honesty of life. If it be apparent that one is not honest in temporal things, his professions of religion will not be accepted as of much worth. They will be suspected as hypocritical. The effect of genuine piety is to lead men to do what God requires of them. The prophet sums it all up in one sentence—"What doth God require of thee but to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God?" These things are the fruits of a true faith in the Lord, by which we accept Him as our God. Any deviation from this law of rectitude on the part of Christians at once indicates something wrong.—Christian Instructor.

To Think Over.

Some duties wouldn't weigh so heavily on our minds if we didn't touch them so lightly with our hands.

One that attends helps the preacher more than a multitude that intend.

Respond to the church-bell as to a fire-bell—to save some one else, not to warm yourself.

Getting revenue by licensing saloons is using up the nation's capital—manhood—to pay running expenses.

You spend half an hour adjusting your bicycle before a run. You can better afford to spend fifteen minutes adjusting yourself, before beginning the day.

HAN'S ADVENTURE.

What He Saw When He Looked in the Brook.

Once upon a time, in a distant land, there lived a bright, sturdy lad of the name of Hans. His home was with his parents in a rude peasant's cottage that stood at the foot of a great mountain. Hans spent his days tending his father's sheep as they browsed on the mountain side. He was an ambitious boy, and as he sat under the shade of a tree, playing sweetly on a home-made flute, he would dream of the great deeds he would perform when he became a man. One day he saw a wonderful sight. Far away across the valley and half way up a mighty cliff he saw a band of funny little gnomes and elves at work polishing up a great golden crown.

"What a mighty Prince I should be!" thought Hans. "If I might wear that crown I should be the greatest Prince in all the land, and how happy I should be!"

On three successive days the vision of the golden crown appeared to Hans; and then he determined to set off at once in quest of it.

So eager was he that he forgot to bid farewell to his parents, and left the sheep to roam at will over the mountains.

"I must make haste," said Hans to himself, as he started off across the

(He looked in the brook and saw an old man.)

valley, "lest some one else should reach the golden crown before me. I shall not rest till it is mine."

Such a long, long valley it was! The big red sun rose and set many, many times and still Hans seemed as far off from the goal as ever.

Green shady trees spread out their hospitable branches toward him, but not once did he pause to enjoy their restful shade. Now and then a dancing brook ran across his path, and its murmuring voice seemed to call on him to bathe in its cool waters and refresh his weary body, but he would not heed, and went plunging madly on. The perfumed breath of the wild flowers along the way was wafted up to his nostrils, but he ruthlessly trod them down. A frightened robin flew to his bosom for protection from a hungry hawk, but he thrust it roughly away from him, saying:

"Fight your own battles. All my strength and energy I must save for mine."

The way now grew rougher and more arduous with every step. Great brambles and thorny bushes reared their ugly heads before him. Oftentimes he might have avoided them by walking around, but he was afraid by that to lose a little time, and went straight on, tearing his clothes and scratching his hands and face till the blood flowed. But so intent was he on reaching the cliff whereon was the golden crown that he felt no pain. And one day—it was years since he began his journey, though he realized it not—he found the crown within his grasp. With a fierce cry he sprang forward and placed the great glittering thing upon his head.

How heavy it was. Its weight seemed more than he could bear. "I suppose I shall get used to it," he said to himself. "And how fine I must look with it on!"

He went to the edge of a placid stream and looked in, that he might see his own reflection.

He saw a gaunt old man in tattered garments, with wrinkled visage and hollow eyes; and in the figure there was no trace of the handsome, sturdy, fair-haired Hans who had contentedly tended his father's sheep.

"Now, how can this be?" groaned Hans. "Though the crown is on my head, yet I look not one bit like Prince, but rather a tired out old man, on whose brow this golden thing is much out of place, and whose weight my feeble body cannot bear."

Then, with a despairing gesture, he flung the golden crown far out into the stream, where it sank from sight. And from the cliff above came the mocking laughter of the gnomes.

Then old Hans bethought himself of his forgotten home, of his kindly parents and the gentle sheep, and a longing filled his soul to see them all once again.

So, weary and heartbroken, he set out on his homeward journey. It was winter now, the flowers were dead, the trees, bare of all foliage, reared their great gaunt limbs like mocking fingers; the streams were frozen, and all nature was cheerless and barren around him.

At last he was at home, but long since his parents had died, and long since the neglected sheep had perished miserably.

Hans made his way to the house; at least that would afford him a welcome. Yes—the door stood open, as it had stood for years, but inside the hearthstone was cold.

Dear reader, Hans is any boy, and the golden crown is simply a boy's ambition. Beware lest in your haste to reach the goal you forget to live along the way. It is good to keep one's life ambition always in mind, but remember that there are duties to perform each day.

Having determined on what position you would like to attain in life quietly go to work to acquire the knowledge and virtues which will make you competent to fill that position when it comes to you.

It is not the crown that will make of you a Prince, but the princely virtues that will make you fit to wear a crown.

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THE SOUTH AFRICA WAR

Brussels Hears That Capitulation of Ladysmith Is Expected.

BOERS TAKE THE HEIGHTS.

Brilliant Dash by New Zealanders at Slingersfontein Frustrates Attempt to Cut Off Communication With Rensburg.

London, Jan. 13.—A dispatch from Rensburg, Cape Colony, says:

"A strong force of British troops advanced under cover of a brisk artillery fire and encamped at Slingersfontein, on the Boers' eastern flank. The Boer patrols retired, but subsequently a body of Boers attempted to seize the position, threatening communication between the British encampment and Rensburg. The New Zealanders, with a brilliant dash, frustrated the attempt. They raced and seized the position first and fired volleys at the enemy, who retired in the direction of Colesberg."

The Neue Freie Presse of Vienna publishes a dispatch from Brussels saying news has been received there from Pretoria to the effect that the Boers have stormed all the heights around Ladysmith and that the capitulation of that place is hourly expected.

The London Sun reports that on the reassembling of parliament, Jan. 30, the government will immediately ask for a further war credit of £20,000,000.

Though many stirring scenes have marked the departure of the British troops for the front during recent months, today's outburst of patriotism on the occasion of the starting of the London volunteers was quite unprecedented since the jubilee. It is the first time in the history of the movement that British volunteers have been permitted to serve side by side with the regulars in real warfare, and the people turned out in hundreds of thousands to fittingly celebrate it.

The crowds began to throng the route before dawn and increased in such proportions that a detachment of the Lord Mayor's Own were ingulfed at various stages of the march. The ranks were broken, and the troops, at times, were almost lost sight of in the cheering, shouting, singing mob.

Every now and then a halt had to be made in order to reform the ranks, but only to be again broken, as the police were utterly unable to stem the excited, cheering, living mass of people which again and again broke through all obstructions. The handshakings and embracings were so exuberant that the original smartness of the volunteers was speedily impaired, many uniforms being torn.

Troops Had to Fight Way.

But the troops finally managed to struggle through to the Mansion House. On the balcony of that building the lord mayor, Mr. A. J. Newton; the lady mayoress, the councilors, and others awaited the arrival of the volunteers and witnessed them actually fighting their way through the dense crowds, assisted by male friends and impeded by clinging women. When the force was finally reformed, the lord mayor attempted to make a speech, but found it impossible. The din was simply deafening, and the chief magistrate had to be content to indicate his good wishes by smiles and gestures, while the volunteers greeted him with cheers and waving their hats on their raised rifles.

There was another herculean effort on the part of the police, and the detachment resumed its march to the accompaniment of pushing, screaming, cheering and singing. The column had hardly covered 100 yards when it again intermingled with the surging crowds, who had undisputed sway along the route. Many of the volunteers escaped through side streets, and others straggled along in Indian file, twos or threes.

By the time they reached the Thames embankment the detachment had become a conglomeration, women's hats being as numerous in the ranks as the volunteers' headgear. So slow was the progress that over an hour was consumed in traversing the mile to Westminster. There the police arrangements improved, and the multitudes were marshaled into some kind of order. The windows, roofs and every other vantage point were crowded with singing and cheering humanity, waving banners, hats and handkerchiefs.

Finally the column reached Nine Elms station, bearing numberless traces of the difficulties of the march. The public was excluded, the final leave takings being held outside, and the volunteers entrained and departed amid a commingling of band music and cheering and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen."

The lord mayor, sheriffs and councilors, in their state robes, accompanied by many ladies, took another special train for Southampton to bid farewell to the volunteers on board the transport Briton. The latter arrived soon after the lord mayor's party and were saluted with ringing cheers from a huge assemblage on the quays as they boarded the liner.

Perfect Storm of Criticism.

The stern upbraiding of the government by papers that almost for a century have been conservative has already been touched upon in these dispatches. Abuse of the war office has always existed, and now it is only a few degrees more bitter than it was before. What chiefly marks the passing of the British from a period of passive discontent to most severe fault finding is the outspoken abuse of their generals in the field. There are unpleasant stories of fierce service jealousies, and, in short, all the army's shortcomings, which heretofore have been secretly whispered in clubs, are this week finding their place in print and not in disreputable journals, but in organs that a month ago would have fiercely denounced such tales as unpatriotic whether they were true or otherwise.

It is now well known that General Buller despises Field Marshal Lord Roberts and hates General Lord Kitchener, that Lord Wolseley, the commander in chief, shares General Buller's feelings, and that Wolseley is scarcely on speaking terms with the secretary of state for war, Lord Lansdowne. To such a flagrant extent does this enmity go that Lord Wolseley wrote to Lady Buller that he knew nothing about Lord Roberts' appointment to command the British troops in South Africa and that he disapproved of it.

Without enormous obstacles to overcome in the way of the Boers' strenuous resistance and initial advantages, this condition of affairs between the army leaders would constitute a stupendous drawback to the success of the British. One paper, usually well informed on service matters, declares it is quite likely that General Buller will throw up his command and come home and be a thorn in the side of the government. This is probably an exaggeration, but it is admitted on all sides that he is likely to make himself as disagreeable as possible to Lord Roberts.

As if this was not enough, it is openly said Lord Methuen has gone mad, that his mother died insane and that all his life he has been afraid he might share her fate; hence, it is added, his unceasing restlessness. Only this week a high cavalry officer returned from South Africa with complaints against Lord Methuen; that the general, during one of his first actions, had ordered him to advance with his cavalry and that, upon the colonel sending the general word that his horses and men were too exhausted to be physically capable of so doing, Lord Methuen is reported to have said:

"Well, you had better go to ——!"

CHAMBERLAIN DENOUNCED.

J. F. Archibald, an Australian Editor, Calls Him a Judas.

San Francisco, Jan. 13.—According to J. F. Archibald, editor and proprietor of the Sydney Bulletin, who has arrived here from Australia, there is a growing feeling in Australia that the British colonies are making a serious mistake in aiding England to wage a war against the Transvaal. He said:

"It was a grave error for Australia to send out troops to South Africa. It amounts to an abandonment of our independence."

Personally Mr. Archibald considers the war with the Transvaal unjustifiable and entirely unprovoked. He said:

"Joseph Chamberlain is a Judas who has betrayed all parties with which he has been identified. He betrayed the Radicals, he betrayed Gladstone, and now he has betrayed his country for the benefit of the people with whom he was in communication at the time of the Jameson raid. England deserves to lose the fight because of its manifest unjustness."

Back For More Mules.

New Orleans, Jan. 13.—The Iona, Corinthian and Kildona, British transports which took out cargoes of mules to South Africa, have returned for more, which they have begun to load. The Corinthian took out 1,180 mules and lost 80, and the Iona only lost 11 mules. The Kildona had an equally satisfactory trip.

Italy Wants Vengeance.

Washington, Jan. 13.—The Italian government has signified to the government of the United States in the polite and courteous method known to modern diplomacy a wish that the persons guilty of lynching the five Italians at Talulah, La., last spring should be punished. Heretofore in cases of the lynching of Italians the matter has been compromised by the payment of an indemnity, but this does not meet the present demand of the Italian government. As under the existing law the trial and prosecution of such cases as this are left entirely to the state authorities, the national government is well nigh helpless to meet the request of the Italian government.

Slain by Burglars.

Edenburg, O., Jan. 13.—N. K. Goss, the leading merchant here, was murdered by burglars. Owing to the frequent losses through burglary Mr. Goss had his place of business fitted up with an electric burglar alarm, which was connected with his residence, a few blocks distant. Mr. Goss dressed hastily, secured the assistance of a neighbor and went to the store. The front door had been forced open. Mr. Goss entered, while the neighbor guarded the alley in the rear. A volley of revolver shots greeted the proprietor. He fell mortally wounded. The burglars, three in number, rushed through the front entrance and escaped.

Explosion Injures Firemen.

Hallowell, Me., Jan. 13.—The oilcloth factory of Wilder & Co., in this city, was burned, causing a loss of $75,000. Two firemen were badly injured by an explosion. Mayor Safford was knocked down by the force of the shock, but he was not hurt. The property was insured for $30,000. Wilder & Co.'s establishment for half a century has been well known all over the country. It is the busiest season of the year, and a large force will be thrown out of work by the fire, the cause of which is unknown.

Customs Receipts at Havana.

Washington, Jan. 13.—The war department gives out for publication a statement of the receipts from customs at the port of Havana for the month of December, 1899. The total receipts for that month were $1,108,130. Attention is invited to the fact that, though there were only 24 working days in the month of December, the total collections exceeded those in any other month of the past year.

Newfoundland Mystery Unsolved.

St. John's, N. F., Jan. 13.—Not a word has been received from Peter's river in regard to the unknown steamer wrecked and on fire on a reef in St. Mary's bay. The storm is still raging, and boats cannot put off from the land nor can sailing vessels approach the vessel. It is feared that her hull has broken up, which will increase the difficulty of identifying her unless divers are dispatched to the scene.

Former Judge Hughes Dead.

Cape May, Jan. 13.—Former Judge Joseph E. Hughes is dead of pneumonia, aged 78 years. He was born here and had been a local officeholder for many years. He was several years a judge of the court of common pleas and in 1882 became postmaster of Cape May, serving four years. For a time he was proprietor of the Columbia hotel here and later entered mercantile pursuits.

Fire Scare Killed Him.

Bridgeton, N. J., Jan. 13.—Charles H. Mulford, one of the best known business men in southern New Jersey, died suddenly of paralysis of the heart, aged 59 years. He had been awakened by an alarm of fire. After raising the window and peering out he went back to bed and died in a few minutes. Death was immediately due to shock caused by the cold air.

Fee to See a Man Shot.

El Paso, Tex., Jan. 13.—A criminal is to be executed in the Cuartel, at Juarez, within the next few days. The man will be shot inside the walls of the prison. An admittance fee of 25 cents will be charged all persons desiring to witness the execution, and the money will go to the widow of the condemned man.

WE MUST REPEAT.

When Everybody In Portsmouth Tells The Same Story.

It is hard to say new things about Doan's Kidney Pills. They cure the lame and aching back, the sufferer from kidney disorders and the troubles of those whose urinary organism is wrong in its action. That they do this is so easy to prove that not a vestige of doubt remains. Public endorsement of local citizens is easily proven. Read this case:

Mr. L. T. Wilson, sailmaker of Market street, says: "I contracted a very bad cold which affected me in the loins and in the upper part of my chest, causing distressing lameness, some urinary difficulty and I was quite stiffened up. As I had read considerable about Doan's Kidney Pills I went to Philbrick's pharmacy and got a box. They went to the spot at once and I did not use but part of the box before I was quite over my trouble. I gave the balance of my box to a friend who had a bad back and there was plenty to cure him, although neither of us are very light weights. I am prepared from my personal experience and from their effects on others, to highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. You can refer to me."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

NATIONAL POLITICS.

The Republican Subcommittee Starts to Work In Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Jan. 13.—The subcommittee of the Republican national campaign committee has begun the work of laying plans for the presidential campaign, which can now be said to be fairly under way. The committeemen visited Mayor Ashbridge. In the party were Senator Hanna, Chairman J. Manley, H. C. Payne of Wisconsin, United States Senator N. B. Scott of West Virginia, Richard Kerens of Missouri, Charles Dick of Ohio, the secretary of the national committee; President Henry Burke, and Chairman W. S. P. Shields of the local Citizens' Convention association and a number of others representing various other local committees.

From the mayor's office the committee went to the exposition buildings in West Philadelphia to inspect the auditorium, in which the convention is to be held. All the visitors expressed their satisfaction at the selection of the hall.

Senator Hanna particularly was much interested in all the arrangements conducted so far by the local committees and regarding the convention said that those who imagine it will be a cut and dried affair will be badly fooled.

"Of course President McKinley will be renominated, and without doubt he will receive every vote in the convention, but when it comes to choosing his running mate and deciding on the platform there is likely to be an abundance of excitement."

The Manufacturers' club has offered the facilities of its building to all of the Republican national committeemen who may be in the city during the campaign and also extends the same privilege to each delegate and alternate in attendance in the convention.

Death of Well Known Showman.

Chicago, Jan. 13.—A special to The Tribune from Hot Springs, Ark., says: Colonel J. H. Wood, of national reputation as a showman, theatrical manager, museum backer and promoter, is dead here of cancer complicated with paralysis. He came here on Dec. 15 from San Francisco for his health.

Ferraro's Electrocution.

Albany, Jan. 13.—The court of appeals has fixed the time of execution of Antonio Ferraro, the Brooklyn murderer whose conviction was confirmed on Tuesday last, to be during the week commencing Monday, Feb. 26.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Closing Quotations of the New York Stock Exchange.

New York, Jan. 13.

Prime mercantile paper, 5a6 per cent. Sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at $4.86¾a4.87 for demand and at $4.83a4.83¼ for 60 days. Posted rates, $4.84a4.84½ and $4.87½a4.88. Commercial bills, $4.82¼a4.83. Bar silver, 59c. Mexican dollars, 47½c. Government bonds irregular. State bonds inactive. Railroad bonds strong.

Closing prices:

Atchison	19¼	N. J. Central	110¾
Bur. & Quincy	121¼	North American	14½
C., C., C. & St. L.	80½	Northern Pacific	51½
Chesapeake & O.	29⅝	Do. pref	73½
Chicago Gas	105⅝	N. Y. Central	135⅝
Cotton Oil	34⅝	Omaha	120
Del. & Hudson	135½	Ontario & West	21¾
Erie	11¾	Pacific Mail	44½
General Electric	123	Reading	18
Hocking Valley	—	Rock Island	106½
Lackawanna	176½	Silver Bullion	—
Lake Shore	205	St. Paul	117¼
Lead	27	Sugar Refinery	116½
Louisville & Nash	80⅝	Texas Pacific	15⅝
Manhattan Con.	94	Union Pacific	46½
Missouri Pacific	40⅝	Wabash pref	20⅝
Northwestern	101	Western Union	87

General Markets.

New York, Jan. 13.

FLOUR—State and western dull, but steady; Minnesota patents, $3.80a4.05; winter straights, $3.60a3.75; Minnesota bakers', $2.35a3.10; winter extras, $2.55a2.90.

WHEAT—Was fairly steady all the morning, but quiet, receiving support from cables and unfavorable Indiana crop news. May [illegible] closed [illegible].

RYE—Quiet; state, 55a57c., c. i. f., New York, carloads; No. 2 western, 69½c., f. o. b. afloat.

CORN—Dull, but steady on light offerings and the firmness abroad.

OATS—Quiet; track, white, state, 31a35c.; track, white, western, 31a35c.

PORK—Firm, mess, $11; family, $12.25a12.75.

LARD—On the spot, prime western steam, $6.32½.

BUTTER—Weak; state dairy, 20a26c.; state creamery, [illegible].

CHEESE—Firm; fall made, fancy, small, 13¼a13½c.; fall made, fancy, large, 12¾a13c.

EGGS—Steady; state and Pennsylvania, 29c.; western, loss off, 29c.

SUGAR—Raw firm; fair refining, 5⅞c. bid; centrifugal, 96 test, 4 5-16c. bid; refined firm; crushed, 5.45c.; powdered, 5.15c.

TURPENTINE—Steady at 52½a53c.

MOLASSES—Steady; New Orleans, 32a40c.

TALLOW—Steady; city, 5¼c. bid; country, [illegible].

HAY—Steady; shipping, 72½a80c.; good to choice, 85a85½c.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. twenty five cents a bottle.

The little folks love Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Pleasant to take; perfectly harmless; positive cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma.

THE AIM OF NICHOLAS.

Interesting Rescript Addressed to Minister Muravieff by the Czar.

PROPHESIES HIS SEA POWER

Is Taken to Be Reply to "Open Door" Challenge of Great Britain and the United States Regarding China.

New York, Jan. 13.—The London correspondent of The World sends his paper the following:

Russia's aim to rule the Pacific and become a great maritime power, while retaining her hold on China, is startlingly disclosed in a rescript by the czar.

It is evidently a reply to the "open door" challenge of the United States and Great Britain and shows that Russia, while answering the Washington advances in her usual apparently pacific way, is convinced that she holds China in the hollow of her hand.

It breathes peace all the way through, but on top of its publication comes the news from Constantinople that the Russian embassador has delivered a semi-

COUNT MURAVIEFF.

ultimatum to the porte stating that if an installment of the war indemnity of 1878 is not paid at once Russia will take severe measures to exact it.

From Paris comes the news that Russia is massing troops at Kouschtka, on the Afghan frontier. General Yonoff has arrived there to command the forces.

Seventy-five thousand soldiers have left Tiflis, in Transcaucasia, for Baker, a seaport on the western shore of the Caspian sea. They will embark there for Kransnovodsk, in Turkestan, and will proceed to Kouschtka.

It is believed by diplomatists here that this is an aggressive movement, which will shortly develop into the occupation of Herat, in Afghanistan. Such action would be a menace to British India.

Eulogy of Muravieff.

The czar has addressed his rescript to Count Muravieff, the minister of foreign affairs, and highly eulogizes the eminent qualities displayed by that minister in bringing about a happy solution of the disquieting political events arising from the Cretan insurrection and the Turko-Greek war, thus showing true appreciation of the historic mission which has fallen to the lot of Russia.

After remarking that the introduction of an autonomous administration in Crete ended the agitation which had so long troubled the repose of the Turkish east, while the maintenance of the most friendly relations with all the powers shows the fruitful influence of Russia's peaceful and continuous policy, the rescript proceeds:

"Appointed guardian of the most important interests of the state, you have co-operated, while conforming exactly with the indications I gave you, in the relation of the traditional tendency of Russia to obtain in the far east an ice free outlet to the sea.

"The agreement arrived at with the government of China relative to the cession in usufruct of the Kwangtung peninsula with Ports Arthur and Dalny, while testifying to the reciprocal friendship and confidence which exist between the two great neighboring empires, fulfills the evident necessities of Russia as a great maritime power and will create in the Pacific a new center for the commercial and industrial enterprises of the entire world.

Russian Development in the East.

"The negotiations subsequently undertaken under my direction with the British and Japanese governments led to the conclusion of partial understandings which, by removing any reasons for misunderstandings in the political domain, enable Russia to devote her strength to the progressive development of the prosperity of her possessions in the far east.

"I feel particular satisfaction in recording among the services you have rendered the efforts and care you have consecrated to the fulfillment of my inmost desire to assure to all peoples the benefit of real and durable peace.

"The results of the labors of the conference at The Hague give me steadfast hope that solid bases have been established for the realization of the aim so dear to my heart.

"All the powers having recognized the possibility and necessity of generally settling this question, I recall with real pleasure your eminently useful labors and devotion to the throne, and I particularly appreciate the assistance you have rendered in increasing the prestige of Russia by your brilliant execution of my directions and views with the object of securing a pacific settlement of the complex problems of external policy.

"I regard it, therefore, as an agreeable duty to express to you my cordial gratitude, and I remain ever your invariably well disposed and sincerely grateful

"NICHOLAS."

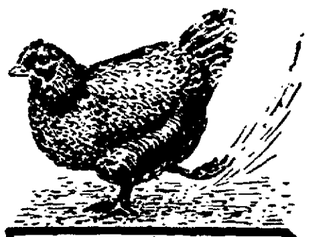
To Educate Russians.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 13.—In connection with the Russian New Year honors The Gazette announces the establishment of a state department of trade, art and commerce with the view of spreading education among the people and promoting national production.

Privy Councilor Kachanoff was gazetted chief of the new department, but now comes the announcement that he died suddenly.

Garibaldi's Son Dead.

Rome, Jan. 13.—A dispatch from Bordighera, on the Riviera, announces the death of Manlio Garibaldi, a son of the late General Garibaldi.



Don't Scratch Along

If hens won't lay when eggs are high, in fall and winter,—make them lay in the old reliable way, tested and proved for over 30 years, with

Sheridan's CONDITION Powder

It's safe, sure and economical. Makes pullets early layers. Brings moulting hens round quickly.

If you can't get it we send one pack 25c.; five, $1. A 2-lb. can, $1.20; six, $5. Express paid. Sample of best poultry paper free.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

THE CUBAN JUDICIARY.

Secretary Root Takes Steps to Reform It at Once.

Washington, Jan. 13.—Secretary Root has taken steps to institute at once sweeping reforms in the judicial system in Cuba, the animating purpose being to correct as soon as possible the Cuban prison abuses which have already been the subject of representations to the war department. General Wood has been giving this matter his attention, and his investigations into the conditions of the prisons and the faults of the Cuban judicial system generally have confirmed Secretary Root in his purpose to apply corrective measures at the earliest possible moment. To accomplish this purpose the secretary has decided to appoint a commission composed of three Americans and an equal number of Cubans.

This commission will probably consist of Horatio Rubens, E. L. Conant and Mr.Runcie for the American side. These are all lawyers, well versed in the Spanish code as well as thoroughly acquainted with American practice.

The Cuban contingent will probably be selected by Governor Wood from among the members of the Havana bar. The commission will meet at the earliest possible moment in Havana and begin at once with a revision of the criminal methods, following this up later on with amendments of the civil code where necessary.

It is not the purpose to outrage local sentiment and disturb well established practice except in instances where rank injustice flourishes under it, but it cannot be tolerated that persons charged with the smallest misdemeanors and little larcenies should languish, as at present, for a year in jail before having any kind of a trial, and to such abuses as this, as well as to the incommunicado system, the commission will devote its immediate attention.

Boom For Scofield Started.

Madison, Wis., Jan. 13.—The Madison Journal, the official Republican organ of the state, publishes a letter in which Governor Edward Scofield is proposed as a vice presidential candidate. The letter in part is as follows: "The Republican party is looking about for a suitable running mate for William McKinley. Edward Scofield of Wisconsin is clearly the man that both party and country are looking for. He is from the west, which is desirable at this time. He is a veteran soldier of the war, which will please great numbers. He is a business man. He is available and will strengthen the ticket."

Allegheny River Overflows.

Pittsburg, Jan. 13.—Thousands of dollars' worth of property is in danger of being carried away in the Monongahela harbor by an ice jam. The worst condition exists at the point in this city. The Alleghany river is on a rampage and is putting out much ice. There are perhaps 30 coalboats and several steamboats tied up at the point. The fleets endangered are those in the Pacific coal landing and the landing of Gray's Iron line.

The Launching of the Ohio.

San Francisco, Jan. 13.—The Ohio Society of California has appointed a committee to devise a plan for appropriately celebrating the launching of the battleship Ohio, which is now being constructed at the Union Iron works. It is expected that President McKinley will attend, together with Governor Nash and many other prominent officials from Ohio.

Address to Mine Workers.

Indianapolis, Jan. 13.—President Mitchell of the United Mine Workers of America is preparing his annual address to be delivered at the national convention beginning Monday. The address will touch on matters of vast importance to the laboring world, most important of which is government by injunction, which will be thoroughly canvassed. Another feature is machine mining. The problem to be solved in this connection is the distribution of the work, or some method of equalizing wages between two mines, side by side, each producing the same quality of coal, with one using machinery while the other adheres to hand mining.

The Hanna-Payne Bill.

Washington, Jan. 13.—The senate committee on commerce resumed its hearing on the Hanna Payne shipping subsidy bill. Mr. Thomas Clyde of the Clyde Steamship line was recalled. He took up the cost of the construction of vessels, their maintenance and operation, showing that the figures under the American flag were much higher than under any other flag. The cost of production for materials and maintenance would, in his opinion, gradually decrease as the demand for them increased.

Well Known Ohioan Dead.

Athens, O., Jan. 13.—Charles Townshend, formerly secretary of state and member of the legislature, is dead, aged 60. He had been commander of the G. A. R. for the department of Ohio, delegate to national and other Republican conventions and was once a competitor of his neighbor, General C. H. Grosvenor, for congress.

INQUIRY AS TO CLARK.

Montana Miner Gives Evidence to the Senate Committee.

TELLS OF AN ALLEGED DEAL

He Declares That In Behalf of Mr. Clark He Had Offered State Senator Myers $10,000 For His Vote.

Washington, Jan. 13.—When the senate committee on privileges and elections began its session in the case of Senator Clark of Montana, the defense stated that they had been unable to find the letters written to Senator Clark and Mr. Bickford by the dentist, Eotor, who produced their letters to him. It was then decided to have C. W. Clark, son of the senator, make a statement as to the disposition of the documents, but, Mr. Clark being absent, Mr. Garr was recalled to afford Senator Turley an opportunity to question him concerning his visits to Helena prior to the meeting of the legislature last winter. Garr said the principal object of his visit was to see about his resignation as United States commissioner.

The first regular witness of the day was M. L. Hewett, a miner, who was in Helena during the session of the legislature in 1899. He said that Charles Clark had asked him to see Senator Myers and offer him $10,000 for his vote for Mr. Clark for senator. He had accordingly talked with Mr. Myers and testified that that gentleman had told him, after first declining the proposition, to say to Clark that if he was disposed to do so he could put $10,000 in the hands of Mr. Whiteside, to be paid to him (Myers) in case he should vote for Mr. Clark.

Hewett said that the senator's son stated that the arrangement was satisfactory and had afterward told him that the money for Myers had been given to Whiteside and that his vote was assured. Mr. Hewett said that during the senatorial contest he had talked frequently with Senator Clark. Once he had remonstrated with the senator concerning Whiteside as a well known supporter of Daly, but the senator had, he said, assured him that Whiteside's fidelity was assured because of the fact that he (Whiteside) was in trouble with the Clark opponents over a building he was constructing in Butte.

A Talk With Senator Clark.

The witness also said that he had seen the senator at his rooms at the Helena hotel a short time after the Whiteside exposure and had asked him what he proposed to do, when the senator had replied:

"There is only one thing to do, and that is to make the people believe that the Daly gang have furnished the money and have put up a conspiracy against us."

"I asked him," continued the witness, "if he could make that stick, to which he replied, 'There is no trouble about that, because if we put up a good excuse the people will believe us, and we can again get the members together.'"

The witness also detailed a conversation which he said he had had with Senator Clark upon the eve of the investigation by the state supreme court, in which he told the senator that Tom Lyons, one of the senator's workers, had threatened to go into court and testify against Clark because the latter's friends had not kept their promises to him. According to the witness, the senator had then replied: "I don't owe these (using an offensive phrase) anything. I have paid them all they asked. I am under no obligation to them, and I expect them to do as they agreed to do by me."

Mr. Hewitt said, however, that Mr. Clark added that he would have his son see Lyons. He said that Mr. Clark had often spoken to him of his son and of Messrs. Wellcome, Bickford, Steele and others as his friends in the senatorial fight. Wellcome and Charley Clark were regarded as the senator's especial representatives.

On cross examination Mr. Hewitt said he was a Republican and not especially interested in any of the senatorial candidates. He had "just drifted into" the contest. He pronounced as incorrect the report of the testimony taken before the Lewis and Clark county grand jury furnished the committee by the memorialists, and he added that he had not told all the facts to the jury. Indeed he had never told all to any one until he had given the details to Mr. Birney, one of the attorneys for the memorialists, in Washington a few days since.

Concluding his testimony, Mr. Hewitt said he had received no pay for his services from Mr. Clark and no promise of any. He had been interested with the senator in a mining company and preferred him to his opponents.

Slayer Morrison In Jail.

New York, Jan. 13.—Alfred Morrison, or Gordon, who is charged with murder in having shot and killed his wife No. 2 at Mount Vernon, spent a sleepless night in the Westchester county jail at White Plains. The district attorney will rely mainly on the evidence of Mrs. A. M. Wells, a neighbor, to prove that the shooting was intentional and deliberate. Mrs. Wells has made an affidavit that after the shooting she heard Morrison tell the wounded woman that she must say that the shooting was accidental. The case will be presented to the Westchester county grand jury on the first Monday in February.

Santo Domingo Pays Up.

Santo Domingo, Jan. 13.—Another French warship arrived here, but the difficulty between France and Santo Domingo has been satisfactorily arranged through the French admiral and the officials of the government. The latter will probably issue a proclamation thanking the public for its patriotic feelings and declaring at the same time that there was no intention to offend France in the patriotic demonstrations or to molest its representative. According to rumors the government will employ the amount raised in useful public purposes, the amount due to France being covered by an interior loan.

The Itinerary of the Adams.

San Francisco, Jan. 13.—The training ship Adams has sailed for southern California. San Diego will be the first port of call, whence the Adams will proceed to Magdalena bay. The ship was to have gone to Honolulu, but the presence of the plague at the port made a change imperative. From the south she is to return to San Francisco and then proceed to Puget sound.

Drink Only The Purest

FINE OLD

Ky. Taylor

WHISKEY.

If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure. Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by us. None genuine without our signature on both labels. For consumption, Indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulants OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists, grocers, and liquor dealers.

Sold by Globe Grocery Co., Portsmouth, N. H.

The . . . Introduction

The readers of this paper need no introduction to the Frank Jones Brewing Co., or its products; when the statement is made by this reliable house that their new

Victor Bottled Ale

is second to none in existence and they are ready to stand behind the assertion, further proof of quality is not necessary.

Are you satisfied that 40 years of successful business means anything? If so send your next order to

Frank Jones Brewing Co.
Portsmouth, N. H.,
or Newfields Bottling Co.,
Newfields, N. H.,

and make assurance doubly sure. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Put up in 1-2 pints, pints and quarts.

P. S.—Remember the brand "VICTOR"

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little!

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

R. H. HALL

Hanover Street Near Market.

BUY ONLY THE BEST

OLD CO. LEHIGH

-COAL-

FOR YOUR FURNACE OR STEAM HEATER.

The only full supply at

137 MARKET ST

J. A. & A. W. WALKER

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR

AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loam and Turf.

Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards avenue and South street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Ham (successor to S. S. Fletcher) 60 Market street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE HERALD.

(Formerly The Evening Post)

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FOR PORTSMOUTH
AND
PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news! Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it

MONDAY, JAN. 15, 1900.

If France tries to monkey with the Monroe doctrine, she will discover that it has an awful kick.

A ripple of hope runs through England. General Buller has advanced fifty rods toward the enemy.

The Boers seem determined to shave the British lion before they take a razor to their own whiskers.

It is now noticeable that the days are longer at both ends. The period of daylight begins earlier and ends earlier each day.

The czar of Russia says he fears a world's war. It is good wagering that he will be found in it clear up to his neck, when it comes.

Secretary Root says he won't be a candidate for the vice-presidency. Secretary Long and Governor Roosevelt are yet to be heard from.

If all other attempts to catch Aguinaldo should fail, it wouldn't be a bad idea for Buffalo Bill to go out with a band of cowboys and round him up.

Beveridge has been to the Philippines and knows whereof he speaks. Hoar has remained at home and studied the situation through a very short spy-glass with cobwebs on it.

Since Kid McCoy made such a sorry showing against the thirdrater, Choynski, the sports are beginning to wonder how he succeeded in defeating the heavy-hitting Maher.

That comforter which Queen Victoria presented to a London hospital would have served the purpose quite as well had it gone to the down-hearted British forces in South Africa.

The colored business men of Chicago are to form an insurance company exclusively for their own race. At the present rate of lynchings, the company will go busted in short order, if it deals in life insurance.

Edward Markham says he knows a woman in San Francisco who has one hundred pairs of embroidered silk stockings that cost her ten dollars a pair. Does Mr. Markham's wife approve of the acquaintance?—Boston Globe.

Perhaps it's his wife that Mr. Markham is talking about.

The Miller syndicate has come to the front once more. It is selling choice lots in a magnificent new city in Cuba, and those who go down there to look at it find that they have been duped into prospecting in a tract of swamp full of water adders and alligators. For every fool that dies, two more are born.

The hand-writing experts have convicted Molineaux, even if the jury fails to do so.—Nashua Telegraph.

In the opinion of almost everybody, the handwriting "experts" have convicted themselves of not being able to tell the difference between a Chinese laundry check and a Browning love letter.

Lunatic Postoffices.

In the lunatic asylums of Belgium there are securely locked boxes in which every inmate may deposit letters of complaint. Three times a week these letters are collected by outside officials, who investigate every case, and if a person asserts that he is not insane a prompt examination ensues by medical experts.

Not Him.

"Party," said the man with a hard luck story, "won't you give me the price of a meal? I have tried hard to find something to do."

"Nay," replied the amateur humorist. "You can't do me."—Philadelphia North American

ANXIOUS ENGLAND

Waiting For Definite News Of Buller's Movements.

Their Success Or Failure Seals The Fate Of Ladysmith.

No News Of Any Importance From The Other Invested Points.

LONDON, Jan. 15, 4 30 A. M.—Lord Roberts' enigmatical announcement, "No change in the situation," does nothing to allay the public anxiety or to explain the mystery surrounding General Buller's movements at the Tugela river and although disposed to regard the despatch as disposing of Saturday's adverse rumors, the week has opened in a state of suspense almost equal to that of last week, because it is recognized that failure in General Buller's final attempt would seal the fate of Ladysmith. Presumably "No change in the situation" refers to previous despatches sent to the war office and which have not yet been revealed to the public. Except the announcement of the seizure of Potgieter's drift and of the advance of General Warren, there has been no news from the Tugela for a week. A ray of hope is seen in the fact that the same silence prevails on the Boer side. Thus it may be inferred that General Buller has not yet met a serious check. If the account of General Warren's movement be correct, it is evident that General Buller's forces are spread over a very wide front, perhaps twenty-five miles, and in event of a sudden fall of the river his operations might be full of danger. It is believed that General Buller has no good survey map of the district. This will add to his difficulties. Sir Charles Warren's advance probably means an attempt to seize Elangwan hill, the main post of the Boers south of the Tugela. Upon the success or failure of these movements depends the whole future of the campaign. Until the result is known Lord Roberts will be unable to decide how to dispose of the two divisions and the reinforcements now arriving. The news from other points is of no great importance.

WRECKED STEAMER'S NAME STILL UNKNOWN.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Jan. 14.—The gale has not yet blown itself out and the sea is too rough to allow boats to get near the wreck in St. Mary's bay. As yet there is nothing to show the name of the vessel. Ten bodies have been counted among the rocks and others can be seen floating about. Plans have been made for recovering these bodies as soon as the weather permits, and it may then be possible to get at the name of the steamer from pieces of boats wedged in the crevices of the rocks.

RECONNOITERED AND RETURNED.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—At midnight the war office issued a bulletin from Lord Roberts, saying that on the 30th of December Methuen's cavalry reconnoitered clear into the Free State and returned, showing that the way was open to the Modder river.

TO FIT OUT A COMPANY.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—The Associated Press hears that Lord Lansdowne, the secretary of state of war, will fit out at least one hundred men and send them to South Africa at his own expense.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Forecast for New England: Light snow Monday, fair and colder Tuesday, light south easterly winds becoming northwesterly.

SPAIN'S GREATEST NEED.

Mr. R. P. Olivia, of Barcelona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S.C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve Remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life in every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.

Takes the burn out; heals the wound; cures the pain. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, the household remedy.

"PULL" IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

It Works There Just as Well as In Other Countries.

"When I first began banana planting in Central America," said a resident of that part of the world who frequently visits New Orleans, "I was greatly annoyed by a neighbor who made a business of luring away my laborers. He was a cantankerous old native who 'didn't like a gringo nohow,' and as the jefe politico, or magistrate, of the nearest town sided with him and shared his views I was in a fair way of being broken up in business. About that time I had occasion to make a trip to the capital, and while there I ran across a young officer whom I had met the year before during Mardi Gras in New Orleans. He was a first rate fellow, and I had done my best on that occasion to make him enjoy his stay, but the incident had passed almost entirely out of my mind. He remembered it, however, and greeted me like a long lost brother, remarking incidentally that he was now first secretary to his excellency the minister of war. In the course of our talk I told him of my troubles on the plantation, and he asked me a few casual questions about the local magistrate.

"Next week I returned, and when I rode into town on the way to my place I was amazed to see the jefe politico come tearing out of his house, bareheaded, and salute me like a prince of the blood. He begged me to dismount and honor his poor abode with my presence, that we might discuss the outrages that had been heaped upon me by my villainous neighbor. I was dazed by such a change in his usually insulting demeanor and told him not to worry about the matter, that I would have a talk with the planter next day, and no doubt we could come to an understanding. 'Impossible, senor,' exclaimed the jefe. 'The wretch is now in prison, incomunicado.'

"Then I began to understand. It seemed that my Mardi Gras chum, the attache, had sent a redhot letter by special courier, and the old jefe, scared half out of his wits, had immediately arrested his friend and thrown him into a dungeon. I laughed so that I nearly fell off my horse and ordered him to release the prisoner at once. After that I was treated with the most distinguished consideration by everybody in the department, and I really owe my start in Central America to the champagne I cast upon the water in New Orleans. The Latin republics are all right as places of residence if you only stand in."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE LIFE INSURANCE CURE.

Result of a Dying Bachelor's Plan For a Novel Funeral.

"I don't know that life insurance is a cure for disease," said the retired life insurance solicitor, "but I know of an instance which makes it look that way. In the town where I first began business was a bachelor of about 50 years, who was quite alone in the world and had some years before taken out a $5,000 policy on himself for the benefit of a maiden sister, who had died a year before the events of this story. He kept his policy going, however, because it was a good way to save money, and one day he was taken down with some kind of fever. He grew worse day after day, until one day the doctor told him that he would in all likelihood be dead within the next 24 hours.

"This suggested his life insurance money, all he had to leave, and he immediately began to talk with the doctor on the subject of a proper disposal of it. He concluded after some thought that the best thing to do with it was to blow it in on a tremendous big funeral for himself, including a banquet for all the people he knew. This was an entirely new idea for a funeral, and when the doctor left him that night to the care of his nurse his mind was entirely occupied with his funeral. He talked to the nurse about it, and when the nurse made him stop he lay and thought about it. In fact, he became so much interested in the details of his funeral that he quite forgot about having to die to make it possible.

"In the morning when the doctor came he found his patient in a wild perspiration and his pulse beating in much better fashion than it had been doing for some days. He also found the general condition of the patient much improved. He was greatly astonished and at once began to ask questions. The patient told him with eager interest of a lot of new things he had thought of for the funeral and some that bothered him a good deal and said he had been thinking of it all night. Then the doctor laughed and told him he guessed the funeral would have to be postponed, for he wasn't going to die just then anyhow. Nor did he, and he isn't dead yet, but he is married and has his policy paid up for his wife's benefit."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Elephant Got Even.

A visitor to the circus one day teased one of the elephants by offering it a bun and, just as the animal was going to take it, pulling it back out of his reach. This he did several times, and at last the elephant naturally began to feel rather angry, and finally he refused even to look at the bun or to attempt to take it.

Later in the afternoon the elephant was being marched around the show ground when in the crowd he spied his tormentor.

He reached out his trunk and calmly appropriated the man's hat. He held it in his trunk for some time and then offered it to its owner. But as soon as he attempted to take it he pulled it back in the same way as the man had done with the bun.

This he did two or three times; but, after holding it out the last time, he drew it back and swallowed it, much to the man's disgust.—Buffalo News.

The Third Naval Power.

To all intents and purposes the United States is now the third naval power of the world. Germany is a vigilant, active, aggressive rival, whose energy in this direction, constantly fostered by a ruling power, may be expected to increase rather than diminish. Japan, the coming commercial power of the other hemisphere, is annihilating with giant strides the modicum of our supremacy. But for all that the United States will continue for some time at least to be excelled as a naval power only by Great Britain and France.—Naval Review.

Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world.—Swift.

With innocence is righteous progress. There is much of the child in every faithful and brilliant student.

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THE CHANCE OF THEIR LIVES.

Adventures of a Thousand Dollar Bill Sent Out by a Young Woman.

The man with the red whiskers had been exhibiting a $500 bill as a curiosity, and it had been tenderly handled by half a dozen men, when the hardware drummer heaved a great sigh and said:

"Once in my life I owned a bill just twice the value of that, and what makes me sigh is the fact that I didn't know it until too late to feel good over it. I was traveling over the C., B. and Q. road on my way out of Chicago, when the porter of the car asked me to change a dollar bill. It was a crisp, new bill, folded twice over, and I handed him a dollar's worth of silver and shoved the bill into my vest pocket."

"And lost it of course?" said the red whiskered man.

"Yes, but not by accident. Within an hour we got up a poker game, and three of us sat down to play. A cattle man from Texas was banker, and I handed him that bill for a dollar's worth of chips. Before the game was ended I was $10 out. He made a wad of seven or eight bills and put them in his vest pocket, and it was known afterward that he paid out that $1,000 bill to a Burlington hackman for a $1. You see, it all started with a young woman on the sleeper. She gave it to the porter as his fee, supposing she was giving him a dollar. The bill was traced along to the hackman, and he was the only one who got into trouble about it. When he found he had $1,000 in his pocket, he made a skip for Chicago. He got drunk soon after arriving there and was run in, and when they searched him and found the boodle it was published in the papers, and he was held for weeks on suspicion. The bill was finally restored to the young lady."

"But why do you sigh over it?" was asked.

"Because of the narrow escape I had. Gentlemen, I am an honest man."

"So are the rest of us."

"But had I known the value of the bill a terrible mental struggle would have taken place, I should have been tempted to convert that money to my own use, and yet my honor would have cried out against it. In the end"—

"Your honor would have triumphed."

"No, sir. In the end I should have used it to buy my wife a sealskin sack, a pair of diamond earrings and a watch, and if a few dollars were left over I should have invested them in socks, handkerchiefs and collar buttons for myself. Hang the luck, why didn't I look at that bill and discover what a good thing Providence had thrown at my head."—New York Sun.

MAILTIME.

What Happens In the Country When the Letters Arrive.

Did you ever see the mail arrive?

The row of unkempt horses gnawing the hitching rack before Wise's store and impatiently kicking at disturbing flies testifies to the fact that the mail is due to arrive.

The slouching groups of jean clad beings, the unwonted activity and importance of the stiff haired station agent and the expectant alertness of the young and sunbonneted persons in the farm wagon all add to the impression.

The station is much the same as other stations. Its knife scarred walls are decorated with campaign lithographs, legal notices and advertisements of navy tobacco.

A platform of sun warped planks extends around two sides, beginning at two steps and a soap box and terminating at the usual "jumping off" place.

Upon the platform a lean cur is slowly baking in the midday sun, stretched at full length.

The agent, as is patent to all observers, possesses leather suspenders and a thorough and complete acquaintance with every man, woman, child and dog in Gilmer county.

"Yander she comes!"

The blacksmith across the road leaves a half shod mule and comes to the door of his dingy shop, wiping his grimy hands upon the sides of his leather apron; the young women in the muddy wagon remove their sunbonnets and smooth rebellious wisps of hair, giggling with excitement.

The loafers jump from platform and barrels, close their pocketknives and strain their eyes down the track.

A rapidly approaching column of smoke is seen around the curve back of Henderson's woods; a small boy, far down the dusty pike, leans over the dash of his rattling wagon and belabors his gaunt horse with a stick.

Two short, metallic shrieks, the clangor of a bell, and the fast mail whizzes past with a jarring rumble of wheels, a streak of varnished woodwork and glittering glass and metal, leaving behind it a dust filled vacuum.

The blinking countrymen, holding fast to hats, gaze after its quivering rear platform with awe.

The brass bound mail pouch hurtles through the air, skates along the cinders beside the track and brings up against the red cattle shoot, where it is pounced upon by three small boys.

With it the agent plows across the dusty road, followed by the crowd; the cling clunk of the blacksmith is resumed, and one's impression of the station resolves itself into a vista of shimmering heat waves, whitewash and gleaming rails and hot yellow dust.

The mail has come.—Chicago Record.

ALL IN THE SAME ROLE.

A Funny Story of Four Sisters Who Went on the Stage.

Theatrical Manager Rosenthal, the husband of Katherine Osterman, tells the following story:

"There were four of the Osterman girls who went on the stage, and it is a singular fact that they all made their debut in the same role. It happened this way: The family live in Toledo, and when Charley Jefferson put on 'Hands Across the Sea' Annie Osterman, who was then an ambitious amateur, was engaged to take the part of Lucy. She adopted the stage name of Belmont and scored such a success that she got a handsome offer to join Sol Smith Russell.

"Before she left Jefferson asked her whether she couldn't suggest somebody to take her place, and she replied very modestly that her sister Bessie was a bright girl and anxious to go on the stage. So Bessie was sent for, and also made a hit, but before long she went to Mr. Jefferson and told him she would have to quit, as she was about to be married to Chief Wall of the Toledo fire department. 'However,' she said hesitatingly, 'I have a sister of the name of Katherine, who'—

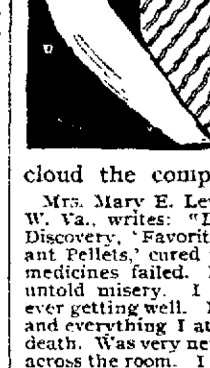
"'Great heavens!' exclaimed Jefferson. 'This family beats the record! Telegraph for Katherine immediately!' Katherine arrived and proved such an acceptable substitute that the management was delighted, but in the course of time she attracted the attention of Stuart Robson, who engaged her to be his leading lady. Again Jefferson was in despair. 'I suppose there are no more sisters?' he said ironically. 'Oh, yes,' replied Katherine. 'I was just about to recommend my sister Lillian.'

"'Glory halleluiah!' yelled Jefferson. 'Send for Lily!' Lillian came on and played the part successfully until she made up her mind to retire from the stage. When she announced that intention, Jefferson never turned a hair. You see, he had become accustomed to it. 'Sorry, very sorry,' he said. 'And will you please wire to your sister this evening?' 'There are no more sisters,' said Lillian mournfully.

"'No more sisters!' exclaimed Jefferson aghast. 'No, sir,' she replied. 'All we have left now is the house dog, but he's very intelligent.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

American Beauties.

There are none fairer or sweeter the world over. Unfettered and untrammeled the American woman queens it as does no other woman in the world. Yet her very energy and ambition are often times her undoing. She attempts too much. Her health is undermined. And when health goes beauty goes also. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery re-establishes the health. It cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition and assures perfect assimilation of food and the proper nourishment of the body. It increases the blood supply and eliminates the impurities that clog the system and cloud the complexion.



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WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Fred Gardner, N. C.; Charles F. Cole, V. C.; Thomas L. Dudley, H. P.; E. G. Gidney, V. H.; Charles E. Oliver, S. H.; Orville E. Hawes, P. C.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; Allison L. Phinney, C. of E.; True W. Priest, K. of E.

CITY OF PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, K. OF C.

Meets at K. of C. Hall, High St., First and Third Thursdays of each month.

Officers—J. H. Kirvan, G. K.; Geo. S. Kirvan, D. G. K.; Wm. McEvoy, C.; Dennis McGrath, W.; W. T. Morrissey, F. S.; W. F. Micott, R. S.; Daniel Casey, T.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—Charles H. Kehoe, N. G.; George W. French, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A. M

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, every other Thursday.

Officers—Fred Joslyn, C.; Arthur Woodsum, V. C.; Thomas D. Spinney Jr. Ex-C.; James E. Harrold, Sr. Ex-C. Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank C. Langley, F. S.; Edward Voudy, I. P.; William P. Gardner, O. P.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.

Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each moth, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.

Officers—True W. Priest, E. R, H. B. Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

BESOR SENATE, NO. 602, K. A, E. O,

Meets in Pythian Hall, Second and Fourth Fridays in each month.

Officers—Excellent Senator, E. H. Voudy; Sr. Seneschal, Andrew O. Caswell; Jr. Seneschal, Joseph C. Pettigrew; Sacerdos, E. W. Voudy; Sr. Vigilante, John B. Forbes; Jr. Vigilante, Chas. H. Magraw; Rec. Sec., James E. Harrold; Fin. Sec., Andrew O. Caswell, Treas., N. A. Walcott; Warder, W. P. Gardner; Trustees, F. C. Langley, Fred Wood, Oren Bragdon.

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WHY DO WE DO IT?

Some of Our Familiar Customs and Their Ancient Origin.

It is surprising what a number of little things we do without knowing the reason.

Why, for instance, do widows wear caps? Perhaps you would say because they make them look pretty and interesting, but the real reason is that when the Romans were in England they shaved their heads as a sign of mourning. Of course a woman couldn't let herself be seen with a bald head, so she made herself a pretty cap. And now, though the necessity of wearing it has passed away, the cap remains.

Why do we have bows on the left side of our hats? In olden times when men were much in the open air and hats couldn't be bought for half a dollar it was the habit to tie a cord around the crown and let the ends fall on the left side, to be grasped on the arising of a squall. They fell on the left side so they might be grasped by the left hand, the right usually being more usefully engaged. Later on the ends got to be tied in a bow, and later still they became useless, yet the bow has remained and will probably remain till the next deluge or something of that sort.

What is the meaning of the crosses or X's on a barrel of beer? They signify degrees of quality nowadays, but originally they were put on by those ancient monks as a sort of trademark. They were crosses in those days and meant a sort of oath on the cross, sworn by the manufacturer that his barrel contained good liquor.

Why are bells tolled for the dead? This has become so familiar a practice that a funeral without it would appear un-Christian. Yet the reason is quite barbarous. Bells were tolled long ago when people were being buried in order to frighten the evil spirits who lived in the air.

Why do fair ladies break a bottle of wine on the ship they are christening? Merely another survival of barbaric custom. In the days of sacrifice to the gods it was customary to get some poor victim when a boat was being launched and to cut his throat over the prow, so that his blood baptized it.

Why are dignitaries deafened by a salute when they visit a foreign port? It seems a curious sort of welcome this firing off of guns, but it seems the custom arose in a very reasonable way. Originally a town or a warship fired off its guns on the approach of important and friendly strangers to show that they had such faith in the visitors' peaceful intentions they didn't think it necessary to keep their guns loaded.

Why do we sometimes throw a shoe after a bride? The reason is not very complimentary. From of old it has been the habit of mothers to chastise their children with a shoe. Hence the custom arose of the father of a bride making a present to the bridegroom of a shoe as a sign that it was to be his right to keep her in order.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ministers and Doctors.

Altogether it must be admitted that the medical man, inadequate as his earnings may be, is much more fortunate than the clergyman. The latter, it is true, gets his rent free, with occasional yearly donations of potatoes, hay, flour and the like, but his living expenses must be within the limits of an income scarcely equal to that of an average mechanic with regular daily employment.

It is somewhat of a surprise to learn that a first class clergyman in a country town averages only from $500 to $800 as yearly salary, while those in the large cities are not enough above those figures to make up the relative differences in incidental expenses of living. The latter amounts are said to range from $1,000 to $1,200 yearly. Certainly the average doctor must do much better than this; otherwise he must either run in debt or look for some other occupation. If the doctor in practice must make any living at all, he is bound to calculate on a sum one-third more and perhaps double that which the preacher can get. We are now speaking of the average man in both professions, it being well known that special skill and recognized ability in either calling always command proportionately increased remuneration.—Medical Record.

The Curse of Leisure.

Leisure, except for needed rest, for time to plan new work or for an opportunity to aid others in doing their work, is not a blessing, but a curse. If nothing comes of it, if no work is done because of it or if better work does not follow on account of it, then leisure has not been a blessing to him who enjoyed it and invariably works harm to him or to others who are affected by it.

Among the practical evils coming from the desire to escape the drudgery of manual labor is the overcrowding of the places where the manual labor is light, the growth of the military spirit among men who think it more honorable to fight than to work and the increase of that army of incapables who find no opportunity and prefer to be supported by others rather than to soil their hands or harden their muscles by doing the work which the world offers them to do.

Carlyle was right when he said that all the happiness that a true man asks is happiness enough to get his work done.—Christian Register.

Crowing Hens.

The archbishop of Canterbury, in his youth, had some experience as a farmer. Evidently the bishop of London's education in that respect was neglected. In the account of one of his speeches at the church congress he is reported as saying:

"There is a certain class of people who are like hens when they have laid an egg. They form their opinion with such difficulty apparently and so seldom that when they have formed one they go and crow to all the world to show that they have done it."

We would respectfully advise the bishop of London to draw an illustration from crowing hens if he should ever be addressing a rural audience.—Westminster Gazette.

The Main Thing.

A Tennessee moonshiner writes thus from jail to a friend:

"Bill—The government havin fell foul o' me, I am in here to stay awhile an, bein here, want to be as comfortable as possible. Sen me my fiddle, my two clay pipes, the 'Songs of Zion,' three gallons o' corn liquor an Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' An, Bill, keep the ole still a-goin till I kin tackle her ag'in."

Cutting Comment.

The man in southern Arkansas who traded his wife for a jackknife may or may not have wanted something he could shut up.—Kansas City Star.

IN JAPANESE HOTELS.

Shoes Are Left In the Area, and Guests Live Dollhouse Fashion.

It is a novel affair, even to the traveled foreigner. The entrance is usually a little area, which is practically an extension of the street or sidewalk and defined by a low platform or raised floor. From this modest eminence the proprietor and those about him greet the new guest with profound bows, their foreheads touching the floor repeatedly. There is no showy office, no high desk, no lordly clerk, no big book for the guests' autograph—only a little table about 14 inches high, with an inkstone, suggesting that here the accounts are made up. But the guest may not yet ascend. His shoes must be left in the area. That explains its shoeshop appearance.

Quick servants promptly assist in the correction of his understandings, bringing sandals or slippers if he is unsupplied; then, preceded by his traveling effects, he is led to his apartment. He observes that the stairs are without rails and that the female servants make their steep ascent much as a child would, often using their hands as well as their feet. Ours is a "ten mat" room—that is, it requires ten mats, each three feet by six feet to cover, or rather to form, the floor. The mat is made of woven straw, overlaid with ordinary matting and finished with a firm border. Being soft and yielding under the foot, it is comparatively noiseless.

The furniture? A dainty doll table 12 inches high, a little lacquer tray with a tiny teapot and two small cups and saucers, two floor cushions and a wall scroll—that is all. The sole heating apparatus is a box of ashes with a nest of coals. Beside the coals is a teakettle. Between us and the snowstorm raging outside there is, first, a wall of sash filled with translucent paper, then a narrow hallway, then a sliding sash filled with glass. A finger thrust on either of three sides and your every movement is visible from without. Locks? What good? All the doors are paper and work in slides, and all the windows are doors.

Everything slides. Do you want the servant? Clap your hands smartly, and then comes from somewhere above, below or around a "H-i-i-i-i-i," and sandaled feet are quickly sliding toward you. At the sound of the sliding door you only look to see her or him approaching you on sliding knees; at least, so it seems. Your commands are received by the polite waiter in that attitude, and the disappearing is after the fashion of the approaching. Dispose of yourself as best you can. The little platform at the end of the room, with your roll of rugs, may give you relief from standing or sitting on your heels.

I have been fortunate enough thus far to be entertained where a chair could be had for the asking. But when one comes to meals, which are served in one's room, it is quite a condescension from the foreign chair to the little Japanese table. "Foreign food" also is to be found in the best hotels—beefsteak, chicken, butter, eggs, potatoes. One can get on very well with such "hardships" if they are not spoiled in the cooking.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

The Darky Roustabout.

"I was down on the river front the other day," said a veteran steamboatman, "and heard some negro roustabout singing the 'Gen'el Jackson' song. It was the first time I had heard the thing for years, and you have no idea how it carried me back to old times. This is the way it runs:

> "Gen'el Jackson mighty man—
> Whaw, my kingdom, fire away!
> He fight on sea, an he fight on lan'—
> Whaw, my kingdom, fire away!
>
> "Gen'el Jackson find de trail—
> Whaw, my kingdom, fire away!
> He make a fort wid cotton bale—
> Whaw, my kingdom, fire away!

"There were other verses, I believe, but those two were the most popular, and back in the sixties and early seventies you could hear the deckhands droning them at every landing. I have often wondered why it was that the old time roustabout songs have so entirely disappeared. The river negroes still chant at their work, of course, but, like the girl in the ballad, they 'do not sing the old songs—the songs of long ago.' Another favorite that I remember had this refrain:

> "Heave away! Heave away!
> I'd rather court a yellow gal
> Than work for Henry Clay!

"You can still hear that sung on the levee occasionally, but very rarely."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Styles In Wedding Rings.

"It is generally supposed that women regard their wedding rings as sacred," remarked a Chestnut street jeweler yesterday, "but as a matter of fact they don't. Superficially they may give you this impression, but when you come right down to it they don't let a little matter like sentiment stand in the way of style. Style in wedding rings? Why, to be sure. The ring that is now used is a narrow circlet of gold which looks like little more than a guard for the other rings on the finger. But that isn't the point. What I want to emphasize is the fact that women who were married years ago and whose wedding rings are the old style, massive affairs are coming in every day to have them altered to conform to the present style. Even elderly women with married daughters of their own seem to have little sentiment in the matter and have their heavy bands shaved down to the size required by the present fashion."—Philadelphia Record.

A Pleasant Call.

"Yes, ma'm, th' mistress is out. Wait. That's her telephonin now. Sit down in the parlor a bit while I talk wid her."

(At the telephone)—"Yis, ma'am, it's me. Has anybody called? Yis, ma'am. Two old ladies. Their names? I didn't ax 'em. One has red hair, an her face is smeared over wid paint. The other is fat an doompy, an she's growin a foine double chin. Yes'm, they're here now. What's that?' You know 'em. Eh! Say that slower, please. I will. Goodby."

She turns to the callers. "Mistress has just telephoned me," she said with a rare smile. "She says telephone me just as soon as the old cats have gone, an I'll come home. I'm only around the corner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why the Captain Didn't Care.

There was a tremendous storm at sea. Everybody was fear crazed but the captain, who sat reading a book in the cabin. A passenger went to him and told him the ship was going down and all would be drowned.

"I don't care," the old salt replied, without lifting his eyes from his book, "I haf got you cancer in my stomach and I die in six weeks any vay."—Detroit Free Press.

A CLEVER RUSE.

The Sequel to a Hot Fight Over a Scalper's Ticket.

"Talking 'bout scalpers' tickets," said an old conductor, "the queerest thing I know in that line happened when I was working for the Missouri Pacific, back in the eighties. My run was between Kansas City and St. Louis, and one morning as I was pulling out on my east bound trip a fellow gave me an old three day excursion ticket that had expired at least six months before. I told him it was no good, and after considerable growling he handed me some small silver. 'That will carry me to ——,' he said, naming a little way station, 'and between times I'll think it over.' 'Very well,' I replied, 'but I give you notice right now that I won't carry you a foot farther unless you put up the money.'

"He made no answer and began carefully studying his ticket. When we got to the station, I was by his side. 'Well, sir,' I said, 'what do you intend to do?' 'I intend to ride on this ticket,' he snarled. 'I've read it over, and it's perfectly good.' 'I'm not going to argue any more about that,' said I. 'You pay your fare quick or get off.' 'Not unless you're the best man,' said he, looking ugly. Well, I threw him off, but it was a tough job. He fought like a wildcat and came near licking both me and the brakeman. The station where this happened was in the heart of a wild moonshine district, and the crowd that collected all sympathized with the passenger. As we pulled out they stoned the train. I expected to hear from the fellow almost at once, but I didn't, and the affair soon passed out of my mind.

"Six months later I happened to be in the general offices when, to my great surprise, I saw him coming out of the manager's private room. 'Who is that man?' I asked a clerk. He laughed. 'Why, don't you know him?' he said. 'He's ——,' and he named a detective who had lately worked up the evidence in a big train robbery case in the very neighborhood of the station where our row had occurred.

"Then I understood. You see, he wanted some good excuse for going into the settlement, and there was no better role than that of a poor man just ejected from a train by a brutal conductor. He had his scalper's ticket to show; he had just put up a genuine fight, and he claimed to be dead broke. All that appealed to the natives, and they took him in at once. The result was that he staid there a month and picked up all the evidence he wanted. It was a shrewd scheme, but I still think he made that scrap unnecessarily realistic."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HORSE FOOLED THE OFFICER.

He Made Up His Mind That He Must Finish His "Spree."

On a recent evening during a driving rainstorm a telephone message was received at the Walnut Hills police station stating that a runaway horse attached to a spring wagon had been stopped by some boys on May street.

"Who understands horses?" asked the sergeant of the second relief that had just entered the station house.

"I do," answered Officer Horstmeyer, and he was detailed to go over and drive the horse to a livery stable, where it would be kept until turned over to its owner. Upon arriving on May street Horstmeyer found the horse, a wild eyed brute, held firmly by the bridle bits by two boys. There was no seat in the wagon and nothing but an old soap box upon which to sit. Clambering in, Horstmeyer gave the boys orders to let go the bridle, and in a second the horse's hoofs began beating a violent tattoo on the bottom of the wagon, sending the soap box in the air and jarring the officer's spine with each concussion. This lasted for two or three minutes, when suddenly the horse started and ran like a blue streak down May street, the policeman clinging desperately to the lines. South May street ends abruptly in a dump or fill, and Horstmeyer knew this and prayed fervently. The end of the street was reached at last, and the horse, with a wild leap, went over, the wagon followed, and in a second the animal, the wreck of the wagon, the remains of the soap box and Horstmeyer were mixed up in an indiscriminate mass at the bottom.

A half hour later a mud plastered individual limped up to the door of the Seventh district station house, leading a horse, on which hung the remains of a harness, and carrying a horse blanket on one arm.

"Who is that?" asked Sergeant Bartley as he peered out through the rain.

"It's me—Horstmeyer," answered the officer.

"Why," said the sergeant, "I thought you understood horses!"

"I do," answered Horstmeyer. "But I think it's a low German!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Big Cedar.

The finest English elm in New York city is on the west side of Madison square. Probably the choicest tree in any of the New York city parks is the cedar of Lebanon in Prospect park. It stands on the meadow northeast of Lookout hill. The height, about 40 feet, is remarkable for this country, and it would bear no mean comparison to some of the famous ones in Kew gardens, London. It is claimed that there is only one finer cedar of Lebanon in the United States. It is on the Huntington estate at West Chester and is about 60 feet high. These trees are most attractive in the early summer, when the old and new cones hang pendent together. This tree does not cone until it is 40 years old.—New York Tribune.

Nice Distinctions.

Nice distinctions are troublesome. It is so much easier to say that a thing is black than to discriminate the particular shade of brown, blue or green to which it really belongs. It is so much easier to make up your mind that your neighbor is good for nothing than to enter into all the circumstances that would oblige you to modify that opinion.

Good International Law.

Jabbers—I tell you, old man, it's a terrible thing when your wife quarrels with her mother and the old lady lives with you. Which side do you take?

Havers—Neither. I preserve an alarmed neutrality.—Harper's Bazar.

The orientals of Bokhara indulge in a peculiar pastime which is said to resemble "football on horseback, with no sides." A decapitated goat takes the place of the ball, and 200 horsemen scramble for it.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill, that maketh wretchedness or happiness, rich or poor.

WEAPONS OF ANIMALS.

Claws, Teeth, Horns and Hoofs All Come Handy at Times.

Many animals, including both those that kill and those that are killed, are endowed with special means of offensive and defensive combat. The latter are often furnished with weapons of effective value, such as the horns of cattle and goats and the hoofs of horses.

Even some of the largest animals which are not carnivorous and may be said to have no enemies possess special organs that they can use for inflicting wounds. Such are the tusks of elephants, the horn of the rhinoceros and the antlers of the moose. Their primary purpose, however, is to aid in procuring food and in cleaving a way through forest and jungle.

With beasts and birds of prey weapons of attack are indispensable. Among the most highly developed are the retractile claws of the cat family, the cutting and tearing teeth of the wolf family and the talons of eagles and hawks. Even in lower forms of life we find highly specialized weapons, chief among which are the fangs of venomous serpents and the stings of bees, wasps and hornets, rendered far more effective by the presence of a powerful and sometimes deadly poison.

While noting the liberal endowment of creatures that prey upon animals, we must not lose sight of the fact that certain vegetarians are also equipped with weapons of combat. The males of the bovine and the goat tribes in the wild state use these weapons largely in their combats with rivals of their own species, while the females employ them chiefly in defense of their young.

The bull fights with the head down, often with the eyes closed, and the horns, being usually short and nearly straight, can be used only one at a time, aided by the toss of the powerful neck. The horns of the cow in all the commoner breeds are turned somewhat forward, so as to be of the utmost service, and the faithful mother fights for her calf against dog or wild beast with her head raised and eyes wide open.

A stag brought to bay sometimes presents his antlers to the hunter. With some species these branching horns are shed at certain seasons, and during their renewed growth are for a time soft and useless as weapons. They gain strength and toughness at the season when rivalry and battles between the males are in order, and it is therefore natural to infer that the antlers are intended chiefly for this purpose.

Against many foes, however, man included, the deer family find their best weapons in their hoofs, with which they strike and cut as with knives, sometimes killing dogs, wounding hunters and at other times cutting coiled rattlesnakes into pieces.—Philadelphia Times.

Russian Fairy Tales.

A book of fairy tales was the cause of the expulsion and consequent ruin of 175 persons at Poltova. A pupil at one of the state schools there was caught in the act of reading this book of fairy tales, which had been prohibited by the censor on the ground that certain of the tales might be applied to Russian conditions and Russian politics. The boy explained that the caretaker of the school buildings had lent him the book. The principal of the school reported the caretaker to the police, and on the ground of this denunciation the offender was sent to Siberia.

The officials of the institution, together with several parents of pupils, were so indignant at the conduct of the principal that they drew up a protest describing his denunciation as a mean and despicable act. The only consequence was that the officials lost their posts, and, together with the residents who had signed the protest, were expelled from the province of Poltova for three years. The order of expulsion was extended to all the relatives of the offenders, so that 175 persons were sentenced to this severe punishment on account of a book of fairy tales which in other countries is given to every child to read.—Chicago News.

Women Students In Russia.

If a Russian woman wishes to study at any of the universities in her own land, etiquette does not allow her to do so until she is married. Not infrequently she goes through the civil ceremony of marriage with a man student whom probably she has never seen before, and this marriage is quite legal, though perhaps the couple may never speak to each other again. On the other hand, if they like each other and they so desire, they are married for life. If they do not, the marriage is dissolved when their university course is finished, and they are free to marry some one else.

The celebrated mathematician Sonya Kovalevski went through the marriage ceremony with a student whom she then saw for the first time and who afterward became her husband. The education of women in Russia stands better than in most European countries owing to the persistent efforts of the Russian women themselves.

He Feared to Presume.

The American tourist is so firmly convinced that he is being cheated on all hands during his European travels that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of prudence.

"What is the price of this pin?" asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small silver brooch of exquisite workmanship.

"Twenty francs, monsieur," said the clerk.

"That's altogether too much," said the young American. "It's for a present to my sister. I'll give you 5 francs for it."

"Zen it would be I zat gave ze present to your sister," said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, "and I do not know ze young mademoiselle!"—Youth's Companion.

Hazardous.

Life Insurance Agent (filling out application)—Your general health is good, is it not?

Applicant—Never had a sick day in my life.

Agent—Um! You do not contemplate entering upon any hazardous undertaking, I suppose?

Applicant—Well, yes, I am afraid I do. I am going to get married next Wednesday.—London Answers.

Good Judgment.

The most necessary talent in a man of conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine gentleman, is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection is master of his companion without letting him see it and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.

CREATION OF CATS AND MICE.

Italian Legend Involving St. Francis de Paula and the Devil.

I send you a translation I have made of an Italian legend of how the cat was created, written by Antonio de Nino. Many are the proverbs about cats in the Abruzzi.

St. Francis de Paula performed so many miracles that the devil was made ill with envy. Once he entered the cell of St. Francis in the shape of a grand nobleman, with a box of heavy gold-pieces. "Here, Francis," said he, "take these. Don't remain in this miserable hovel. Enjoy life; it is strewn with roses. Why do you collect all the thorns?" St. Francis, without much ado, raised his hand and made the sign of the cross, whereupon the fine gentleman disappeared amid clouds of sulphur smoke. Another time the devil led lovely damsels into the cell of the saint, and then queens and empresses of glorious beauty, covered with jewels and wrapped in mantles of gold tissue. But St. Francis stood there like a log of wood and at last made the sign of the cross, when everything disappeared. The devil was furious. "I must find some way to make this stolid fellow lose patience."

After much thought he rubbed his hands with delight. He created mice, and they multiplied by thousands in the wink of an eye. The cell of St. Francis was filled by them, and he tried in vain to drive them out with his hands and feet. But as he drove them out of the door they swarmed in at the window, and when he closed both door and window they crept up through holes in the brick floor or dropped down through cracks in the ceiling. Then they clambered up the saint's tunic, made beds in his straw mattress, played pranks in his provision basket and were generally offensive. At last St. Francis, after reciting a fervent prayer, burst out laughing. The mice were beginning to attack him in thousands, when a beautiful little cat was created in the sleeve of his tunic. So he cried to the mice, "I implore you to stop and go your ways or you will repent it."

The mice answered by pushing their noses against the bare skin of the saint, as though they wanted to pierce through him, so he drew the beautiful little cat out of his sleeve, and it sprang at the mice blessed with such miraculous hunger that it swallowed two at a time of the big ones and three or four of the little ones. St. Francis hoped they would have been exterminated and rushed to stop up a hole in the ceiling (he had already shut the door and the window), but he was not quick enough. A pair of mice escaped, and thus we have those tiresome mice all over the world. St. Francis then uttered another prayer, and his beautiful little cat was granted a companion. They multiplied exceedingly and have always been favorites with devout old ladies because they are a creation of St. Francis.—London Spectator.

Camel Races.

Camel races are held regularly in the south of Algeria, where valuable prizes are offered for the encouragement of the breed of racers, and as much interest is taken in their preparation and performance as in that of race horses at Latonia. The racing camels are the result of very careful breeding through many generations, and in size, temper and appearance they are so different from the ordinary beast of burden that they might almost be considered a different race of animals.

Perhaps the most conspicuous characteristic of the ordinary camel is its extreme slowness. Nothing on earth will ever induce it to hurry. A $20 note will buy a very fair specimen, but for a mehari, or racing camel, five or ten times that sum is required to effect a purchase.

The racer, however, can be depended on for nine or ten miles an hour and kept up for 16 or 17 hours almost without a stop. The pace in a camel race is generally fast and furious at the beginning, when all the animals are together and seem to realize that a contest is in progress.

Might Have Been Waur.

An amusing golf story comes from "S. G." In a foursome competition at Machrihamish one Scotchman of the party, a man of optimistic temperament, always remarked, "It might have been waur," whenever he put the ball into a peculiarly difficult bunker.

His irritated partner determined to rouse Macnab from his imperturbable serenity and said to him when next they played, "Macnab, I dreamed last night you were in hades."

"It might have been waur," came the reply, pat.

"How waur?" said the Englishman.

"It might have been true," replied Macnab. "I might have been there."

The Scotchman ended at least "one up."—London Globe.

Your Right Side.

You have probably noticed, if you are a man, that when your tie gets loose it invariably slips round to the left. This is because you use your right side during the day about five times as much as your left. This movement rebuts on your shirt collar, causing it and your tie to move in the opposite direction. The muscles on an average man's right side have more than double the strength of those on his left side; in fact, so great is this disproportion in development that by the time a man or woman reaches 40 the right side is even to the eye more fully developed than the left, and in many cases this disproportionate growth is highly injurious to health, as it is liable to force the interior organs out of place.

It Didn't Appear.

Apropos of the current talk of the advisability of suppressing the special correspondent in wartime, a story may be quoted from The Spectator:

During the Franco-Prussian war a well known English correspondent was sent to the front by his paper, and on one occasion Von Moltke sent for him and said:

"Mr. ——, on such and such a day the German army will perform such and such a movement. If that appears in the —— (naming the paper), you will be shot."

Of course the news did not appear.

Both Ways.

"Everything works both ways."

"How's that?"

"Why, doctors say that noises cause nervous diseases, and I know from my wife's hysterics that nervous diseases cause noises."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Realistic.

"See this picture of Jenkins. Isn't it a speaking likeness?"

"Y-e-s. Let's come away, old man; it may ask us for a loan."

MUNYON'S

A cold is dangerous. Don't let it get the start of you. A few doses of my Cold Cure will break up any form of cold in a few hours and prevent grippe, diphtheria and pneumonia. It should be in every home and every vest pocket. It is better than a life insurance policy.

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At all druggists, 25c. a vial. Guide to Health ...

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OLD INDIA PALE ALE

It is bright and sparkling and has a nice creamy taste, and is prescribed by the doctors generally as a sedative for nervous people. There are but few medicines equal to this ale. Many people who are wakeful find that a glass taken at night secures them a continuing and refreshing sleep. As a tonic for ladies and invalids it has no equal.

Directions:—One small glass full four times a day, before eating and going to bed.

It is a food as well as a medicine. It is bottled by the Newfields Bottling Co. only.

☞ It is put up in cases of two dozen pints.

For further particulars write to the

Newfields Bottling Co.,

NEWFIELDS, N. H.

PORTSMOUTH POST OFFICE.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From
New York, West and South, 10 00 a. m., 5:0 5:30, 6:30 p. m.
Boston, 10:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 5:30 6:40 9:00 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10:00 a. m., 5 30, 9: p. m.
All points East, 7:30 a. m., 3:00, 9:00 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 7:30, 11:00 a. m. 3:00, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Concord and points North, 10:30 a. m., 1:00 6:30 p. m.
Concord and way stations, 10:30 a. m., 6 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 11:00 a. m.
Sanbornville, 8:30, 11:00 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
White Mountains, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3: 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Dover, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 5:30, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 9:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m.
Newington, 9:30 a. m.
Kittery and York, 11:00 a. m., 6:00 p. m.
Eliot, 11:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
Sundays, 11:00 a. m.

MAILS CLOSE.

For
Boston, West and South, 7:55, 10.25 a. m., 1:50 4:55, 6:50 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10.25 a. m., 1:50, 6:5 p. m.
All points East, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 7:00 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 9:25 a. m., 1:50 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Concord and points North, 8:00, 9:25 a. m. 12:20, 4:55, 6:50 p. m.
Manchester and way stations, 8:00, 12:20 a. m 4:55 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 9:25 a. m.
Sanbornville, 9:25 10:25 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
White Mountains, 8:00, 9:25, 10:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Dover, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 10:30 a. m., 4:15 p. m.
Newington, 10:25 a. m.
Kittery and York, 10:25 a. m., 5:25 p. m.
Eliot, 9:25 a. m., 6:00 p. m.
Sundays, 4:00 p. m.

Registered mail closes one-half hour earlier than ordinary mail.

OFFICE HOURS: Week-days, 7:30 a. m. to :30 p. m. Sundays, 12:00 m. to 1:00 p. m.

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BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement, Oct. 2, 1899.

Trains Leave Portsmouth

FOR BOSTON, 3.50, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53, a. m., 2.21, 5.00 7.28 p. m. Sundays, 3.50, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

FOR PORTLAND, 9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.45 8.50, 9.20 p. m. Sundays, 10.45 a. m., 8.55, p. m.

FOR OLD ORCHARD AND PORTLAND 9.55 a. m., 2.45, 5.22 p. m. Sundays 8.00, a. m.

FOR NORTH CONWAY, 9.55. a. m., 2.45 p. m.

FOR SOMERSWORTH, 4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2 45 5.30 p. m.

FOR ROCHESTER, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2.45 5.30 p. m.

FOR DOVER, 4.50, 9.45 a. m., 12.20, 2.40, 5.22, 8.52 p. m. Sundays, 8.00, 10.48 a. m., 8.57 p. m.

FOR NORTH HAMPTON AND HAMPTON, 7 20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sundays 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

LEAVE BOSTON, 7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m. 12.30, 3.30, 4.45, 7.00 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 4.30, 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.40, 7.00, p. m.

LEAVE PORTLAND, 2.00, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 6.00 p. m Sundays, 2.00 a. m., 12.45 p. m.

LEAVE NORTH CONWAY, 7.25, a. m., 4.15 p. m.

LEAVE ROCHESTER, 7.19, 9.47 a. m., 3.50, 6.25 p. m. Sundays, 7.00 a. m.

LEAVE SOMERSWORTH, 6.35, 7.32, 10.01 a. m., 4.05, 6.38 p. m.

LEAVE DOVER, 6.50, 10.24 a. m. 1.40, 4.30, 6.3?, 9.20 p. m. Sundays, 7.3? a. m., 9.25 p. m.

LEAVE HAMPTON, 9.22, 11.53 a. m. 2.13, 4.59, 6.16 p. m. Sundays 6.26, 10.06 a. m., 8.09 p. m.

LEAVE NORTH HAMPTON, 9.28, 11.59 a. m., 2.19, 5.05, 6.21 p. m. Sundays, 6.30, 10.12 a. m., 8.15 p. m.

LEAVE GREENLAND, 9.35 a. m. 12.05 2.25, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sundays, 6.35, 10.18 a. m., 8.20 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:—

Portsmouth, 8.30 a. m., 12.45 5.25 p. m.
Greenland Village 8.39 a. m., 12.54, 5.33 p. m.
Rockingham Junction, 9.07 a. m., 1.07, 5.55 p. m.
Epping, 9.22 a. m., 1.21, 6.08 p. m.
Raymond, 9.32 a. m., 1.32, 6.18 p. m.

Returning leave
Concord, 7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.
Manchester, 8.30, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.
Raymond, 9.10, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.
Epping, 9.22 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.1? p. m.
Rockingham Junction, 9.47 a. m., 12.17, 5.53 p. m.
Greenland Village, 10.01 a. m., 12.29, 6.06 p. m.

☞ Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt.; Montreal and the west.

☞ Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

Portsmouth, Kittery and York Street Railway

WINTER TIME TABLE.

In Effect November 26, 1899.

Until further notice cars will run as follows:

Ferry leaves P. K. & Y. landing, Portsmouth for Kittery, Kittery Point and Sea Point—6 50, 7 20, 7 50, 8 20, 8 50, 9 20, 9 50, 10 20, 10 50, 11 20, 11 50 a. m.; 12 20, 12 50, 1 20, 1 50, 2 20, 2 50, 3 20, 3 50, 4 20, 4 50, 5 20, 5 50, 6 20, 6 50, 7 20, 7 50, 8 20, 8 50, 9 20, 9 50, 10 50 p. m.

For York Corner, York Village, York Harbor and York Beach—6 50, 8 20, 9 50, 11 50 a. m.; 12 50, 2 20, 3 50, 5 20, 6 50, 8 20, 9 50 p. m.

Car leaves York Beach for Portsmouth 5 45, 6 45, 8 15, 9 45, 11 15 a. m.; 12 45, 2 15, 2 45, 5 15, 6 45, 8 15, 9 45, p. m.

Ferry plies between Portsmouth and Badger's island, making close connection with the electric cars.

Sunday time same as on week days except that the first boat leaves Ferry Landing, Portsmouth, at 7 30 a m; and York Beach at 7 30 a m.

For special and extra cars address

W. G. MELOON, Supt

GOVERNMENT FERRY

TIME TABLE.

Leave Navy yard—8 00*, 8.30, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 11.45 p. m. 1.45, 2.05, 3.00, 4.00, 4.45, 5.15, 7.30 p. m. (Wednesdays and Saturdays.) Sundays, 9.?, 9.45, 10.15 a. m., 12.10, 12.30 p. m. Holidays, 9.40, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leave Portsmouth—8.10*, 8.30, 8.50, 9.?, 11.00 a. m., 12.15, 1.55, 2.15, 3.30, 4.20, 5.00, 6.00, 10.00 p m., (Wednesdays and Saturdays.) Sundays, 9.05, 10.00 a. m., 12.00 m., 12.30 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m., 12.00 m.

*From May until October.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials.

Chichester Chemical Co., Madison ... PHILA., PA.

Sold by all Local Druggists.

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TWO GREAT SALES NOW GOING ON.

Our January Sale Of

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

Our Mark-Down Sale Of

WINTER JACKETS.

BIG MONEY CAN BE SAVED BY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THESE SALES.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,

7 Market Street.

A DRUGGIST

Nowadays....

Not only must have a complete knowledge of drugs, but to sell pure drugs he must know their adulterations; he must know just what to look for. We have that knowledge. We sell pure drugs and are careful.

Goodwin E. Philbrick

Franklin Block,

Portsmouth, N. H.

SICKNESS INSURANCE

Combined With

ACCIDENT INSURANCE,

Covering nearly all of the most serious diseases and every possible accident. Particulars at

TOBEY'S

Real Estate Agency,

32 Congress Street,

The scarcity and continued high price of Havana tobacco has had no effect on the quantity of

THE CELEBRATED

7-20-4

10 CENT CIGARS.

They have always maintained their high standard. Strictly hand-made Sumatra wrapper and long Havana filler. For sale by all first-class dealers

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by

FRED S. WENDELL, Deer and Market Sts. J. H. SWETT, Bridge St.

R. C. SULLIVAN,

(MANUFACTURER,

Manchester, N. H.

Stoddard's Stable

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT WI NEW CARRIAGES.

You can get the handsomest and most comfortable turn-out in the state at

STODDARD'S.

NEW HACKS, FOR WEDDINGS AND OTHER PARTIES

TELEPHONE 1-2.

SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS

THE HERALD.

MONDAY, JAN 15, 1900.

CITY BRIEFS.

Full moon tonight.

Good citizens remove the snow from their sidewalks.

Quite a number of people went to York on Sunday.

The light snow has increased the quality of the sleighing.

There were three lodgers at the police station on Sunday night.

There were lots of people who enjoyed sleigh rides on Sunday.

Prices for "Dad in Harness:" Twenty-five, thirty-five, fifty and seventy-five cents.

Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's,) No. 1 Congress street.

Our citizens should make the coming ball of Company A a grand financial success.

The sleighing was good on Sunday and the stable-keepers had the first big rush this winter.

The "S. G" Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

The services and music at the North church Sunday evening, were very interesting and pleasing.

Nearly every owner of a horse and sleigh were out on Sunday afternoon and some fine turnouts were seen.

The steamer Piscataqua arrived from Boston Saturday with the barges P. N. Co. No. 10 and York for Eliot.

Prices at Music hall tonight: Twenty-five, thirty-five, fifty and seventy-five cents.

Rubber heels become very popular and John G. Mott is fitting out the local public with an excellent article

The directors of the Portsmouth, Kittery and York electric railroad have decided to have a steamer built to order.

Those who looked for some news from South Africa in the Sunday papers yesterday, were very much disappointed.

Pettigrew Bros. are having a big rush at their January clearance sale of boots and shoes. See price list in another column.

The newly-elected officers of DeWitt Clinton Commandery, Knights Templar, will be installed this Monday evening.

The people with the "Dad In Harness company" insure a good up-to-date attraction.

Lord Heeney, the crack pool player at the Creek, was defeated in a matched game Saturday evening by Ira Newick, one of the best players in the Athletic club.

The revival meetings at the Methodist church will be continued on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of this week and Rev. J. W. Bell of Newington will assist the pastor. The public is cordially invited to be present in the services.

SUPREME COURT.

The January term of the supreme court sits at Exeter this week, and according to reports will probably be a short session. There was to have been a jury trial, that of Eaton vs. the Exeter, Hampton and Amesbury Street railway, but it is said the matter has been settled satisfactory to all and the trial will not take place. Page and Bartlett of this city were for the plaintiff and Judge Emery for the road. The jury will probably be notified today, Monday, that their services will not be needed.

NUMEROUS SNOWSLIDES.

There were numerous snowslides about the city on Sunday and some narrow escapes from accidents were reported. One heavy fall of ice and snow came off the roof of the North church at about noon and nearly buried several persons who happened to be passing on Pleasant street. Mr. Frank Buzzell happened to be under the mass when it fell and had his hat smashed and was knocked into the street.

THAT THROBBING HEADACHE

Would quickly leave you, if you use Dr King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.

MOVEMENTS OF NAVAL VESSELS.

The navy department has been informed that the Porter has arrived at the Norkfolk navy yard and the Waban at Key west. The Machias is at San Domingo.

When doctors fail try Burcock Blood Bitters. Cures dyspepsia, constipation; invigorates the whole system.

Flatulence is cured by BEECHAM' PILLS.

THE OCEAN BOULEVARD.

New Hampshire Highway Commission Will Soon Report.

The state highway commission appointed by Gov. Frank W. Rollins in accordance with the vote of the New Hampshire legislature of 1899 to lay out an ocean boulevard from the mouth of the Piscataqua river along the New Hampshire coast to the Massachusetts line, has completed its duties and will soon make a report to Gov. Rollins and his council.

The commissioners have not only laid out the highway, but have held several bearings and awarded all damages.

The highway is laid out as follows: Beginning at the boundry line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire and between Salisbury and Seabrook and following the coastline in Seabrook to Hampton river; thence by a bridge across the river to Hampton beach; thence following the coastline along the beach to the highway laid out by the Hampton Beach improvement company; thence by Hampton beach road and the beach road, so called, in Hampton and North Hampton, past Great Boar's Head, to the junction of the main road to Hampton and Exeter; thence along North beach, where the life station is located, to Little Boar's Head; thence along and over Beach hill, so called; thence along and over the existing highway around the Little Boar's Head to the Farragut house in Rye; then following the coastline to Philbrick's at Locke's beach; thence following the coast to the existing highway at Straw's Point; thence along this highway to Rye harbor, over the bridge to be constructed across Rye harbor; thence following the coast to Foss beach; thence by existing highway to a point near the life saving station at Wallis sands; thence by the coast to the property of Prof. James Parsons; thence across the land of Parsons in full view of the ocean, to Odiorne's point; thence, by widening the existing highway to the width of 100 feet by taking the property of Charles F. Eastman and others, to the property of J. W. Foye; thence across the property of Foye to an arm of Little harbor, Seavey's creek; thence around its borders to the Wentworth house road; thence along said road and across the bridge past the hotel Wentworth to a point opposite the Wentworth cottage; thence to and across land belonging to the estates of True M. Ball, George W. Haven, Jacob Wendell and others, to a point on the coast; thence along the coast to Fort point in Newcastle.

The highway will be 100 feet wide at the narrowest point and will be graded and built in a most substantial manner.

FOR BREAKING GLASS.

Fun of This Kind Cost a Man $9.16 in Police Court.

Patrick Sullivan was arraigned before Judge Emery at a session of police court held at 11.30 this forenoon and charged with breaking glass in the saloon of Thomas Leary on Market street Saturday evening. Sullivan was arrested on a warrant early in the forenoon. He pleaded guilty. The court imposed a fine of $3 and costs taxed at $6.13 which was later paid by a friend and the man was released.

A young girl was brought before the marshal this forenoon and some good advice was given her in regard to her conduct in the future. On her promise to behave more becomingly and to pay attention to those interested in her welfare, she was allowed to go.

QUO VADIS.

Chas. W. Chase's dramatic version of Quo Vadis, the masterwork of Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish romancer, which will be produced at Music hall on Jan. 20, Saturday evening, must rank as one of the important productions of the season. The wonderful popularity of the book, the strength of the cast which is to enact the play, the enevitable comparison with Ben Hur, which as a dramatic spectacle, has just been triumphantly presented at the Broadway theatre in New York—both plays dealing with the birth of Christianity and both being of a semi-religious character—the promise of a splendid setting for the actors to play in, and the general interest in a new and untried dramatic enterprise, all tend to make this an event. Manager Alden Benedict has spared no expense in putting the drama on the stage, and hopes to win a triumph with its production. Scenically the play is interesting, eight scenes having been built for its illustration. One of the best performances seen here in years is promised.

SOME ELEGANT CALENDARS.

Some elegant calendars have been distributed today by the firm of Elvin Newton & Son, the well known fish dealers. The calendars are prizes to all who have received them and are by far prettier than any previously put out by this firm, which has the reputation of always having something grand in this line.

TEA TABLE TALK.

The bicycle enthusiasts are very loath to give up their favorite amusement, even though the ground be covered with snow. On Saturday afternoon, Eddie Churchill went pedalling through town as gayly as if he were favored with the smoothest of macadam and sunny summer weather.

The announcement that Dad in Harness is coming to Music hall tonight serves to bring to mind the fact that more shows than ever are traveling under very weird names this season. It seems to be a fad to invent as queer a title as possible for a play. This is revealed by a look through the dramatic weeklies.

The local sports must have suspected that the go between McCoy and Choynski was fixed or else they felt sure of the outcome, for no visible interest was shown here in the event. Not one of the followers of the sport visited the *Herald* office for news, and there were but one or two inquiries over the telephone.

He went to Boston a number of weeks ago, and at a fire and water sale bought a box of cigars for about thirty-five cents. When he brought them home he gave out three to his friends and took the rest up to the house. There they have been ever since, or so he says, although his friends are unkind enough to declare that he has been selling them at retail on the quiet. Anyway, they haven't seen any more of the cigars. As he doesn't smoke at all himself, it is a mystery why he should be so secret about the business. I give this just as it was told to me.

A young man who was married here not long ago, when asked where he intended to take his bride for a tour, said that he did'nt know. "We shall start," he said, "but we can't tell where we shall bring up. Perhaps we shan't get any further than Newburyport." This is refreshing. It has become too much the fashion nowadays to announce that your bridal trip will be to "New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington," and then, as a matter of fact, you put in the time in Eliot and Berwick.

FOGG.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Commander C. W. Rae has been detached from the training station at San Francisco and ordered to Newport News, Va., as inspector of machinery.

Lieutenant Commander A. E. Culver, from the Chicago to the Montgomery as executive officer.

Lieutenant Commander F. H. Sherman, from the navy yard, New York, and to the Chicago as navigator.

Lieutenant O. P. Jackson, from the Vermont to the Massachusetts.

Lieutenant W. R. Rush, when relieved from the Massachusetts, to the war college, Newport.

Lieutenant H. Minett, from the Adams, and to the Mare island hospital.

Medical Director G. S. Beardsley, from the naval retiring board, Washington navy yard, to home and wait orders.

Medical Inspector John C. Wise, from the naval medical examining board, Washington navy yard, to duty as member of retiring board, same day.

Medical Director D. Dickenson to duty as member of naval medical examining board, Washington navy yard.

Lieutenant Commander T. S. Phelps, from the Independence to duty at the navy yard, Mare island.

Lieutenant-Commander J. B. Collins, to duty on the Independence as executive officer.

First Lieutenant A. L. Marix, marine corps, from League island to New York navy yard to command detachment of recruits for San Juan, Puerto Rico, and on arrival at San Juan to duty at that station.

Capt. Joseph E. Craig, U. S. N., chief of the naval hydrographic office in Washington, was today assigned to command the cruiser Albany, just completed at the Armstrong works, Elswick England. Capt Craig will go to England without delay. The Albany will leave Elswick some time next month for the United States. She will have an American crew.

POLICE NEWS.

Marshal Entwistle stated to a *Herald* man on Sunday afternoon that it was one of the quietest Sundays he had seen in Portsmouth for some time. The officers visited nearly every questionable place in the city but not a sign was evident at any of them of their doing business. Everywhere it was unusually quiet and the day passed without a complaint.

A FRIGHTFUL BLUNDER.

Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils Felons, Corns, all skin Eruptions. Best pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.

OBITUARY.

Miss Mary G. Morrissey.

Miss Mary G. Morrissey, one of this city's most popular and best known young women, died on Sunday evening at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Griffin on State street, after an illness of nearly two months' duration.

The deceased was the second daughter of Mrs. Ellen and the late William Morrissey, and was born in this city Nov. 25, 1862. She was educated in the public school. During the past nineteen years she was a clerk in the store of George B. French & Co., being head saleslady up to the time of her sickness. She was a member of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and was prominent in all its society.

She leaves a mother, a brother, William T. Morrissey, cashier of the Frank Jones Brewing company, and four sisters, Mrs. John Griffin, Mrs. Frederick J. Sheridan of Cambridge, Mass., and Misses Nellie and Annie of this city. The funeral will be held on Wednesday morning at the Church of the Immaculate Conception. During the services the stores of George B. French will be closed.

Miss Carrie K. Salter.

Word was received here on Sunday of the death of Miss Carrie Kennard Salter at a private hospital in Boston, where she was taken on Tuesday last for treatment, and the body was brought here Sunday evening.

Miss Salter was one of Portsmouth's representative society ladies and was a member of one of its oldest and wealthiest families. She was born in this city and was the daughter of the late Capt. and Mrs. John E. Salter. She was about 43 years old. Excepting the time she had spent in traveling, she had resided in this city. She was connected with all of the local charitable institutions and was a director of the Chase Home for Children.

She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Tracy, wife of Commander Charles W. Tracy, U. S. N., (retired) of Brighton, Mass., and one brother, John L. Salter of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The funeral services will be held at the homestead on Court street at 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon.

Myrtle May Andrews.

Death entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Andrews of Maplewood avenue early this morning and took from them their little daughter, Myrtle May Andrews, aged three years, seven months and five days. The little one had been sick but a short time with membraneous croup. She was a bright child. Another and younger child is ill with the disease and not expected to live. A child was born in the family but a few hours before the death of the little girl and owing to the condition of the mother, she has not been told of the loss. The house has been quarantined by the board of health and the funeral of the child was held at 3.30 o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Dustin conducting services at the grave in Harmony Grove cemetery.

Sarah B. Lunt.

At Roxbury, January 14th., Sarah B. daughter of the late Captain Thomas Lunt of Portsmouth, died in her 85th year. Services will be held at the house of Rev. James DeNormandi, 45 Lambert Avenue, Roxbury, Mass., on Tuesday, January 16, at 12 o'clock.

Lemuel Perkins.

Lemuel Perkins, an old resident, died at the home of his grandson on Jones avenue, this forenoon, at the age of eighty-nine years. The deceased was greatly respected and had lived here since a young man.

FAMOUS AND POPULAR OYSTER HOUSE BEING RENOVATED.

The Freeman oyster house, which has for years been the leading family oyster house in the city, is being renovated and will this week be the most up to date in point of arrangements of any in the state. Mr. George Boss, the new proprietor, is sparing no expense in the changes and it will not only be the finest oyster house in the city but the most modern and convenient steak and chop house. The ladies' parlor will be more homelike and as comfortable as the artists can make it.

FALSE REPORT OF MURDER.

The rumor of a murder at Dover Point gained quite a circulation about town on Saturday night. It was said that a man named Francois Lotendre, belonging in Rochester, quarrelled with a woman whom he had brought down to the Point, on a spree, and shot her. There proved to be no foundation for such a story, and how it started is a mystery. A Rochester man was at the Point, on Saturday night, and he had a woman with him, but they had no altercation that could give rise to a report of murder.

PERSONALS

E. A. Frost of Berwick was here today on business.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Coleman, are visiting her former home in Laconia, this state.

Horace G. Pender returned to Boston Sunday afternoon to resume his studies at Harvard collge.

Miss Mary L. Aymar, teacher at the Farragut kindergarten, spent Satur and Sunday at her home in Boston.

Hon. C. H. Wells, the newly-appointed police court judge at Somersworth, took the oath of office on Saturday.

Rev. James DeNormandie, pastor of the First church at Roxbury, Mass., occupied the pulpit of the Unitarian church in this city on Sunday.

Mr. Oscar Leighton, the genial proprietor of the Appledore and Oceanic houses, Isles of Shoals, has been the guest of Mr. George P. Wallace for the past few days. Mr. Leighton reports that cod fishing is excellent about the Shoals at present.—Manchester Mirror.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxitive Bromo Quinine Tablets All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

If you want to pass a pleasant evening, go to Music hall, tonight.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

It will be for the family when the rooms have been all newly decorated and made attractive and costly by artistic and handsome wall papers. We have a most artistic stock of fine wall papers, Lincrusta, Waltons, friezes, ceiling decorations and tile effects for bath rooms that will make your home a paradise at small cost.

J. H. Gardiner

10 & 12 Daniel St., Portsmouth

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Insurance That Will Insure.

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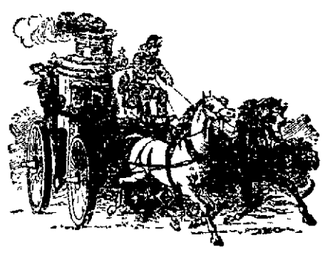

R. J. Kirkpatrick,

Congress Block,

PORTSMOUTH, N. N.

CLEARANCE SALE.

$2.00, $2.25 and $3.00	Boots	for	$1.50
1.25 and 1.50	"	"	1.00
1.00	"	"	.75

OXFORDS.

1.25 and 1.50 for		1.00
1.00	"	.75

Miss Heel, Button, 11 to 2.

1.25, 1.50 and 2.00 for	1.00

M. W. PAUL,

Kittery, Me.

G. E. PENDER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office—13 Pleasant St., Exchange Building

Hours: 10 a. m. to 12m., 3 to 5 and 7 to 8 p

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STAMPS THE WEARER

as a man of some importance when the dress is right. Ill-fitting clothing brings little consideration for the man inside.

Let us improve your appearance, and, at the same time, your importance. Our

CLOTHING TO ORDER

will do both.

Every little detail, anything that will add the style or improve the finish of the garment is carefully considered and nothing neglected. Our garments are perfect in every respect.

JAS. HAUGH

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You Know That

TAYLOR,

THE CONFECTIONER,

Makes His Own High Grade

CANDIES.

He Uses The Finest Grades Of Sugar And Other Ingredients.

Trade At

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1 Congress Street, Near High.

TANKS

WIND MILLS

AND PUMPS

Gasoline and Hot Air Engines.

Artesian Wells Drilled

ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION

EXPERIENCED MEN TO DO THE WORK

Steam, Hot Water and Hot Air Heating.

PLUMBING AND PIPING.

W. E. Paul

39 to 45 Market St.

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

C. E. BOYNTON

BOTTLER OF ALL KINDS OF

Summer Drinks.

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer Tonic, Vanila, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

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